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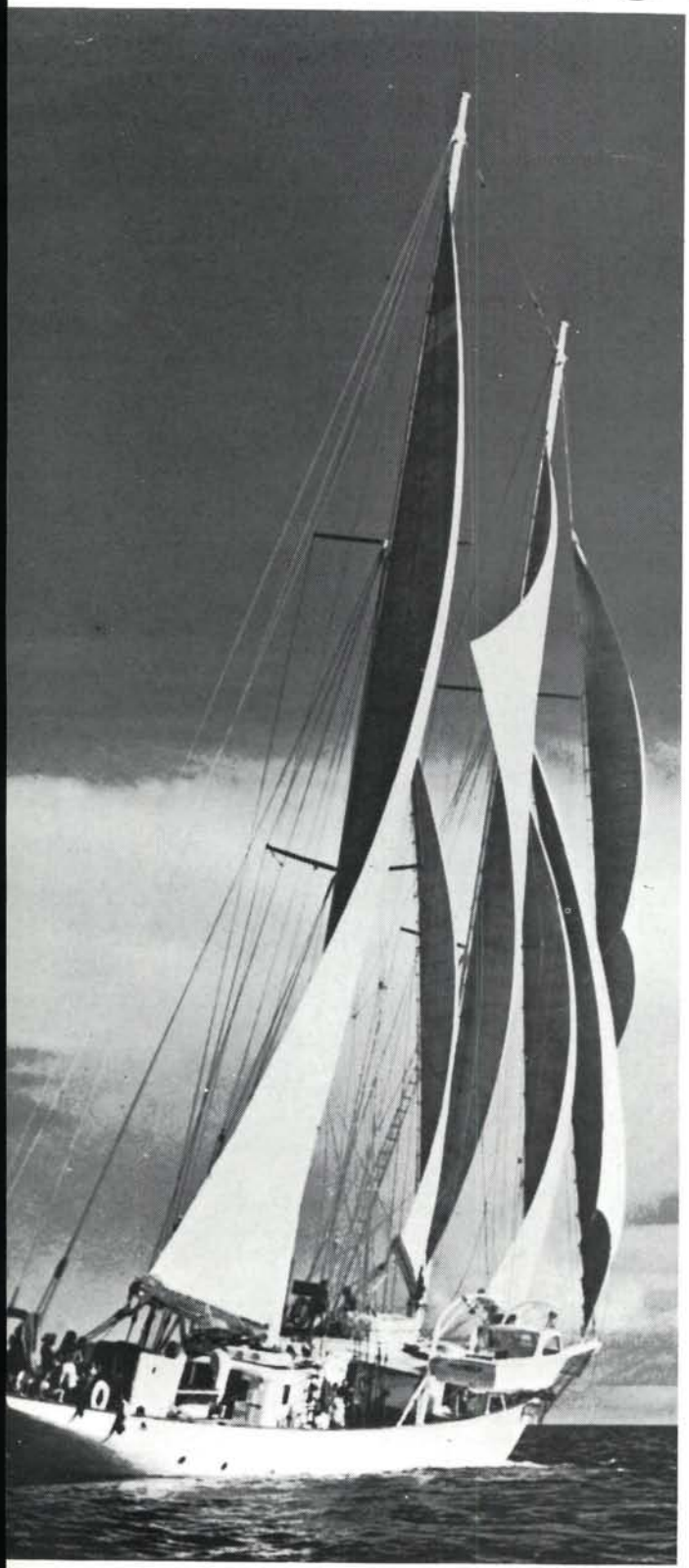

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This Giant Protected You for 50 Years. Now, Get to Know Him – for the First Time

J. Edgar Hoover is the first objective biography about the man whose name is synonymous with the FBI. Generally sympathetic but not uncritical, veteran newsman Ralph de Toledano unveils Hoover's life from birth to death, showing how he took a corrupt political instrument and made it into the greatest investigative organization in the world – and, in his last years, allowed some rigidity to creep in.

Because Hoover's life was the FBI and because the FBI reflected his spirit and character, this book deals extensively with the Bureau. Toledano recreates the early years of the FBI; Hoover's relations with Attorneys General and Presidents; the crime years when G-man became a household word; how Hoover was plunged into the investigation of Communism by FDR; his remarkable record against Nazi espionage; his frustration when his bosses refused to let him break up a Soviet atomic-spy ring.

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Observations by insiders add spice to this account of Hoover's life. There are surprises, too. Toledano contends that Hoover's "most rewarding and most relaxed period was during the administrations of President Roosevelt." The Kennedy regime was another matter: "From the very start, Robert Kennedy had made it clear that he considered the FBI a kind of private police for the Administration and Hoover a kind of desk sergeant to carry out orders." Indeed, "Temperamentally, there could be no rapport between Bobby Kennedy and Edgar Hoover." Mr. Toledano gives us the inside story of their struggles.

"John Edgar Hoover did not wear golden shoes," records Toledano. "He was sometimes wrong, sometimes right. But he loved America, he believed in America, and he fought for America. For most Americans, that was enough."

In writing **J. Edgar Hoover,** Ralph de Toledano went to the obvious sources. But he also kept extensive notes of off-the-record conversations when the FBI was one of his beats as a *Newsweek* editor, and later as a Washington correspondent. Result: a great reporter brings alive one of the greatest Americans of our century — and, finally, does him justice.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

by

Ralph de Toledano

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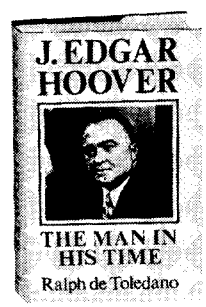

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . We return to the subject of Guernica, one of the most potent symbols in twentieth-century politics, a symbol that—like the Reichstag fire, Sacco and Vanzetti, Mylai, or the recent alleged "Portuguese massacre" in Mozambique—crystallizes in the consciousness of many the true meaning of great events and historical processes. Guernica has become *the* symbol of the Spanish Civil War. Guernica, and not, for example, the burning and looting of churches in 1937 and 1938. In our January 5 issue, Professor **Jeffrey Hart** argued that Guernica was not in fact terror-bombed, as is popularly believed, but was destroyed by the defenders and promoted as a psywar ploy. His article caused a national, nay an international, stir. Herein the argument is pursued and expanded, new evidence unfurled and the nature of evidence debated, by **Williamson Murray**, **Lawrence Nevins**, **Brian Crozier**, and **Alfred de Zayas**. Professor Hart adds comments. Readers can enjoy the fun. . . . **James Burnham** sees plenty of *quid* going from the United States to the Soviet Union, and wishes to know where the hell the *pro quo* is. . . . The Supreme Court's new pornography decision amounts to "censorship," cry the permissivists. Censorship it is, says **Gary North**, "of a subtle form of cultural nihilism." . . . Two young writers make their first appearances in *NR* this issue: **Stephen R. Maloney**, with an encouraging account of the proceedings at the recent Young Republicans' convention; and **S. L. Varnado**, with some suggestions for keeping the Watergate hearings at the top of the TV ratings. . . . **Russell Kirk**, who praises Maria Montessori and her Method in "From the Academy," is assembling a new book, *What Pulled Down the Higher Learning in America: A Fulminatory Chronicle of College and University since the Second World War.* —JH/CHS

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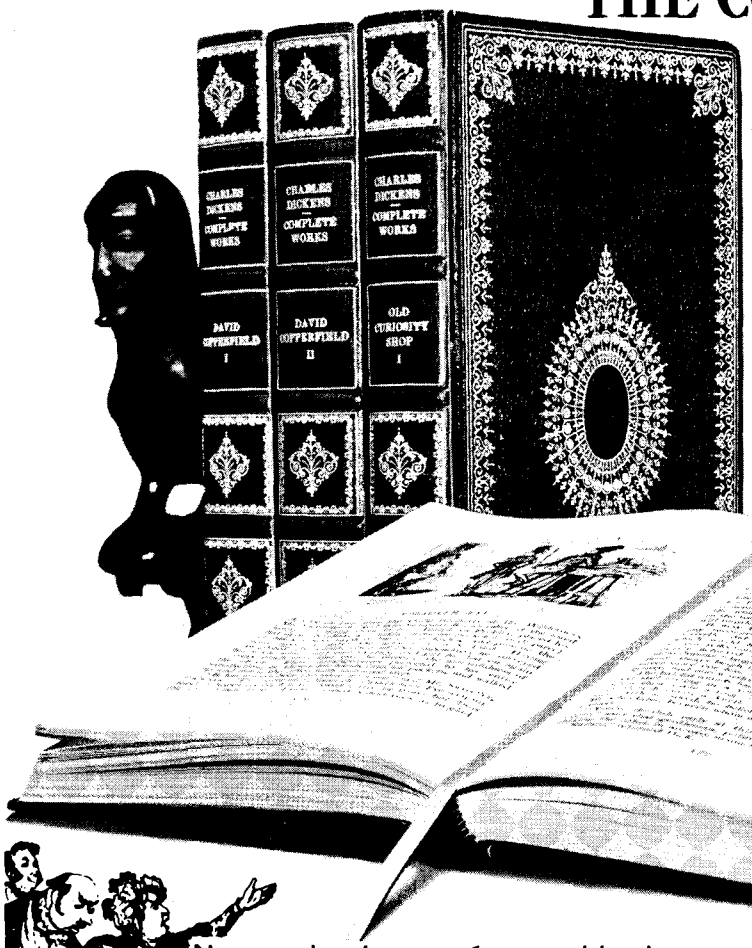

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Letters

Bozell's Vacation

L. Brent Bozell Jr. ["A Sixteen Year Old's European Vacation," Aug. 17] could give the authors of *Europe on $5 and $10 a Day* a few tips. Even if he didn't get to see as much of Italy as he had hoped, it must have been a magnificent adventure for him. As an added bonus, the publication of this article may be the beginning of another brilliant literary career in the Buckley family.

Philadelphia, Pa. MIRIAM BLAKE

What great fun young Brent Bozell's vacation sounded like. I envy his eye for humor. Seeing those ten "wop-ish" women slugging it out must have been truly hilarious. And that trip back to Spain—sneaking on the train, the Italian jokes in front of the Italians—was also a gem. Best of all, however, was when Bozell dropped his bag on the old man's head. The kid's a comic genius.

Mill Valley, Calif. THOMAS WINDARD

Reynolds' Recommendations

Alan Reynolds, in "The High Cost of Health" [July 20], has written one more mixed memorandum on my profession. In much of what he writes there is some truth. In other parts, his recommendations run counter to one another.

I have been a member of the AMA for over forty years. I believe that this association has been, with few exceptions, a force for good in medicine. By insisting on quality in medical education, it has kept to a minimum the number of irresponsible physicians in America. But it should be understood that the AMA does not establish medical schools. This is the responsibility of governments, mostly on a state level; of private philanthropy; and of church organizations. What the AMA does is to insist that such medical schools be properly staffed, properly equipped, and able to present to their students the necessary material to enable them to measure up to standards that are growing ever more difficult.

Mr. Reynolds is quite correct in his prediction of what the entry of government into medical care means. It means that more and more Americans, physicians and their patients as well, will become slaves. Because slaves, as Aristotle noted, are those whose choices are made by others. Here is that Orwellian reversal of Hobbes: a little plan, some confusion; a larger plan, more confusion; total takeover, total confusion.

Thus it is interesting that the first of Mr. Reynolds' suggestions for improvement of medical care is national licensing. If it be granted that any doctor can be licensed in any state if he but cares enough to study for and take that state's examination, national licensing is hardly necessary. Reciprocity is now, I believe, available on a nationwide basis.

Next, Mr. Reynolds recommends that junior and senior years in science training be substituted for the first two years of medical school. Hence would come more inhumane technicians—more scientifically oriented, skilled but otherwise poorly informed, graduates. We do not need more scientifically skilled doctors. We need more doctors aware of the whole nature of man.

What Mr. Reynolds has done, it seems to me, is to formulate yet one more set of plans for our improvement. As all plans must, his falls back, inexorably, on force. Before all this furor, starting in about 1933, over the cost of medical care, my profession was making considerable headway: Think of insulin, of liver extract (from which came vitamin B12) to secure remissions in pernicious anemia, of the first vitamins, of the sulfonamides, of the antibiotics, of the corticosteroids, of synthetic hormones identified with other glands: all these with hardly a federal dollar—even polio vaccine came from private philanthropy. These were not, be it understood, *planned*; they came from individual men, individually interested, and inwardly motivated. This is a better system, I think, even though both it and I are quite old.

St. Petersburg, Fla. R. J. NEEDLES M.D.

Alan Reynolds' analysis of medical care in the U.S. is probably the most astonishing article I've read in years. Conservatives need more thinkers, researchers, and writers like him. I think he should consider taking apprentices. If he does, kindly place my name at the top of the applicants' list.

Murphysboro, Ill. GEORGE KOCAN

(Continues on page 923)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Nobody's burying **Spiro Agnew** yet—but friends of White House domestic-affairs adviser **Melvin Laird** gently, gently suggesting Laird would be good replacement if it comes to that; would have no trouble being confirmed on Capitol Hill where he has many friends. . . . Agnew's troubles causing some party pros to look kindly on **Ronald Reagan**, who has trimmed welfare rolls, kept state work-force at 1967 level, built up $852-million surplus. California insiders say Reagan wants to run; will work hard to get his tax-limiting constitutional amendment on books in California, then barnstorm country holding it up as model for other states, maybe Federal Government. . . . **Chuck Percy** also wants to run; has lined up heavy schedule of appearances nationwide. . . . He asked; they told him: **Hubert Humphrey**'s veteran moneymen say sorry, Hubert, there's no way you can try in '76. . . . **Young Democrats** met in Louisville; elected Southerner **deLesseps Morrison Jr.** (son of former New Orleans mayor) national president, and voted down resolution calling for impeachment of Nixon.

Langdon, *Punch* Ben Roth Agency

"Don't honestly know how you chaps can go home and face your wives these days."

■ Refreshingly direct, **John Ehrlichman**'s reply to Missoula, Montana reporter's request for interview: "This is a good place to start not giving them—right now." . . . Being rushed to bookstores: *The Wisdom of Sam Ervin*, with introduction by Sen. **Howard Baker**. . . . **Theodore H.** (*Making of the President*) **White** admits he vastly underestimated Watergate: "It was obvious to me from October on that several people walking around the streets of Washington should be in jail. . . . but I thought it was manageable, ten or eleven pages." . . . Speaking of no-nos, like political use of FBI, it's reported **Lyndon Johnson**: 1) ordered FBI to spy on Democratic Convention in '64, because he feared nomination would be stolen from him; 2) had FBI investigate **Barry Goldwater** same year; 3) dictated contents of FBI's report on **Walter Jenkins**; 4) ordered "limited investigation" of Veep-elect Agnew late in '68. . . . Don't be surprised if **President Nixon** cancels his planned trip to Europe this fall.

■ Europe worried about possible **Arab shutoff** of crude-oil supplies. Common Market officials advise member governments to build up oil stocks to 90-day supply; British government delivering gasoline ration books to Post Office warehouses for speedy distribution just in case. . . . **Short in Britain** right now: cars. Up to £1,000 extra being paid for some **Jaguar** models, because deliveries through normal channels take months or years. "Particularly tasteless," sniff makers, British Leyland Motors. . . . **Italian motorists** seething: Gasoline's a state monopoly there; now government plans to raise prices to finance boosts in pensions, other social-welfare programs. Motorists say the new price, $1.40 a gallon, would be world's highest; they forget East Germany, where it's $3.20. . . . Joy in **Taiwan**, where **Little League** baseball is a national passion. Tainan Giants, having already beaten Guam, Hong Kong, Japan, Philippines, trounced South Korea 19-0 to win Far East Little League championship. Giants traveled to Williamsport, Pa. August 21-25 to play in world championship.

■ Here and there in the counterculture: N.Y. Public Health Department says **Watkins Glen** rockfest's 600,000 attendance made it "largest public gathering ever recorded in the history of the U.S." . . . Unrepentant: **Mary Ann Vecchio**, "kneeling girl" of **Kent State** tragedy, on her brief career in prostitution (arrest nipped it). "It's an experience. If you go through these things you can understand and realize and say, 'Wow, I've been through this' without having any prejudices in your mind. That's why most people take drugs and wash floors and do other things." Everybody got that? . . . John Phillips, of rock group **The Mamas and the Papas**, on why he took charges of $60-million fraud by Dunhill Records to Sen. **James Buckley**: "I think it's better for us to get a right-winger and convince him than to get a left-winger and have him try to convince everybody else. When Buckley says 'this is going on,' I think it will be believed more than if it were Tunney or Kennedy or any of that crowd."

■ *Rolling Stone* reports shock at thirtieth birthday party for **Sam Brown**, organizer of Vietnam Moratorium, McCarthy campaigner: Cake featured peace symbol with one spoke missing.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 920)

Despite the accuracy of his statistics, it is difficult not to fault Alan Reynolds with syllogistic errors. There is, in Reynolds' contribution, confusion in citing cost of care in public *v.* non-profit hospitals. There is no differentiation between academic (teaching) hospitals and community hospitals. There is no differentiation between inner-city hospitals and those nearby.

While Reynolds properly emphasizes the drawbacks of huge, factory-like medical complexes like the Kaiser Permanente System, he is apparently unaware of the study of this system by Greer Williams, released by the Kaiser Foundation in February 1971. It is refreshing to note Williams' own admission that he is unable to answer the questions whether the Kaiser plan is "vastly more efficient" or whether the Kaiser "doctors provide a lot fewer services."

Williams reports two random studies of utilization of Kaiser services. In one, 44 per cent of the members used medical services outside of the Kaiser group. In another, one-third of old members and one-half of new members said they used outside medical services. The cost was added to other plans. Is this reflected in the Kaiser statistics? Are the less costly Kaiser figures valid?

Despite the numerous shortcomings in his interpretation, Reynolds' concluding emphasis on free competitive medical enterprise is refreshing. A few years ago the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee conducted hearings with the objective of stimulating competition among hospitals. A sensible suggestion of the Subcommittee was to de-emphasize hospitalization and bury the myth that medical care is centered around the hospital. This confirms the obvious—that health care predominantly centers around the offices of doctors. There are estimates that from 2.5 million to 4 million patients visit doctors in their offices daily. Why, then, the exclusive concentration on hospital-care cost?

Naperville, Ill. EDWARD PALMER M.D.

Corrections

The "quite prosperous period in England" in my article "Paying People Not To Work" [Aug. 3] was intended to be the 1920s, not the 1930s. This was a simple typographical error, but unfortunately I cannot blame it on NATIONAL REVIEW. It occurred when my secretary transcribed my draft for mimeographing.

Blacksburg, Va. GORDON TULLOCK

I was startled to see an egregious blunder in your June 8 issue. You referred ["The Week"] to "elections in Victoria province." Province, indeed! Victoria, sir, is a state, as are New South Wales, Queensland,

(Continues on page 958)

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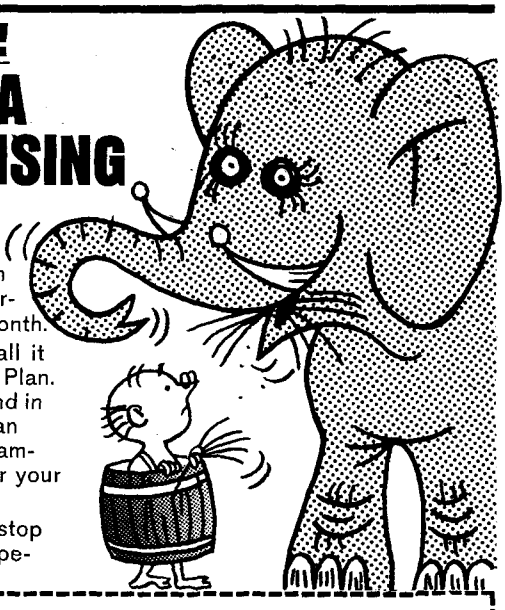

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THE WEEK

■ The Department of Agriculture has stopped its 29-year-old Plentiful Foods Program on the grounds that there are no plentiful foods. The newest team in the Southern Hockey League is named the Macon Whoopees. A Lexington, Kentucky family bought $1,000 worth of beef for their freezer and didn't notice until weeks later, when they had the misfortune to open it, that somebody had unplugged the freezer. Federal officials in Massachusetts expect to indict a ring of fishermen engaged in smuggling swordfish to consumers (swordfish smuggling is a federal crime). Carol Edmiston, 26, caught swimming nude in Baker Hot Springs National Park, refused to dress and was promptly arrested by a park ranger because she "had no identification at that time." The price of cow gallstones has more than doubled, to $1,000 a pound, wholesale. The Army has failed to reach its recruiting goal for the sixth straight month. Can't we *please* have the hearings back?

■ Evans and Novak report that the purpose of the now-canceled Peking trips of Henry Kissinger and Mike Mansfield was to be the search for a Cambodian compromise settlement, involving the restoration of Sihanouk. But the congressionally imposed bombing ban drastically undercut President Nixon's freedom to negotiate. "Continuation of the bombing was judged no less in Peking than in Washington as an essential part of the complicated formula to slow the pro-Hanoi Khmer Rouge Communist revolutionary movement in Cambodia, paving the way for Prince Sihanouk. . . . Peking must wonder how the party that was repudiated in a historic landslide last November now finds its policies accepted in Congress, while the big winner, President Nixon, becomes the big loser. . . . Hideous dangers lie behind the ambiguities of subtle change in the way Peking—and all other nations—must now be studying the trust and durability of the U.S. as an ally. These are dangers blithely ignored by the faithless who gave the nation Watergate." Or more precisely, by those who make Watergate the occasion for McGovernizing American foreign policy.

■ Though his short-lived order for an early halt to the Cambodian bombing was based on narrower, more technical grounds, Justice Douglas added, obiter-dicta-wise, that the whole "Cambodian caper" was unconstitutional (for reasons that would invalidate, e.g., our Korean caper), and that victims of U.S. bombs "may be Cambodian farmers whose only 'sin' is a desire for socialized medicine to alleviate the suffering of their families and neighbors." A right-winger who can't tell a Communist from a liberal is called a kook. What do you call a liberal who can't tell the difference?

■ After effectively discouraging oil companies from building new refineries—by limiting crude-oil imports, creating environmental obstacles, and controlling prices—the government is now surprised to find a shortage of refined petroleum products. Former Colorado Governor John A. Love, the new energy czar, thinks there will be enough heating oil in New England this winter—unless it gets cold. Meanwhile, independent fuel suppliers can buy foreign fuel oil at 23.5 cents a gallon, and are free to pass on the cost if they can, while controls keep the price of domestic oil at 12 cents. If a crisis in heating oil does arise, says Mr. Love, "there would be no way we [the government] could stay out of it." They never can.

■ Saith George McGovern: "I have about concluded that the shattering Nixon landslide, and the even more shattering exposure of the corruption that surrounded him, have done more than I could have done in victory to awaken the nation to what Henry Adams called the 'degradation of the democratic dogma.' " Well, as it happens, it wasn't really Henry Adams who coined that phrase; it was his brother Brooks Adams, who used it as a title for Henry's posthumous book. And besides, the Adamses meant to say that democracy is *inherently* degraded, and not merely, as McGovern would have it, that democracy is a good thing until Richard Nixon gets hold of it, and *makes* it degraded. McGovern goes on: "Is it possible for a presidential incumbent to so manipulate events and our resulting emotions that he is virtually unbeatable?" But on the bright side (or is it still on the dark side?): "I have also wondered whether all the facts could have come out under a Democratic Administration." To which kind of thing Dr. Johnson replied, "Sir, you *may* wonder." And with a new Quayle Poll showing McGovern edging Nixon 51 to 49 per cent

That's Show Biz

I have a predilection for
Most cities south of Baltimore.
I dine on collard greens and grits;
I savor all of Scarlett's snits.
Before the Watergate debris,
I used to oscillate with glee
While watching liberals recoil
From Mr. Ervin's awful foil.
But since he got the show-biz bug,
Instead of "whee!" I mutter "ugh."
And when I just can't stand his face,
I simply switch to *Peyton Place*.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

John Connally has gone back to Texas, but will be traveling a lot. First, around the world; then, out to any Republican gathering that wants to hear his views about just about anything. He is running for President. Some observers here think he got out of the White House at the right time, and in the right way. By never signing on the White House staff in a formal way—he was an unpaid adviser in the second term, operating out of the Mayflower Hotel—he was not really part of the current debacle. He cannot be blamed for not helping solve it; but his departure did not cause any unsettling waves. Now he (like California Governor Ronald Reagan) must watch with special interest the unfolding story of the criminal investigation of Spiro Agnew. Connally and Reagan will be the principal competitors for Agnew's supporters if the investigation cripples Agnew.

■ When some unforeseen or unforeseeable fortuity caused something to go right for President Franklin Roosevelt, he would laugh and say, "I *planned* it that way." With beef disappearing from meat counters across the nation—the utterly predictable result of keeping the freeze on beef prices until September 12—some Administration aides are suggesting that the Administration "planned it that way." The theory is that this is the quickest way to discredit controls in the eyes of the maximum number of people. Well, something is certainly being discredited. Soon there may be: export restrictions on all feed grains; eggs selling for $1.50 a dozen; a spinach shortage; an onion shortage even worse than the one at hand; even more food black markets than have already appeared; more of the sort of cattle rustling that is keeping the state police busy around the feeder lots in Nebraska and South Dakota; and on and on.

■ It now seems that a few years ago, when leftist students and faculty at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were demanding that MIT cut all ties with the government, and especially with the Department of Defense, some White House aides had the same idea. A memorandum from domestic adviser John Ehrlichman to the President suggested that the government cancel over $100 million in research contracts with MIT to protest the anti-Administration protests of various MIT officials.

■ A funny thing happened to Henry Kissinger on the way to Foggy Bottom. He was ready, more than willing, and unquestionably able to take over as Secretary of State, but the present occupant of that office—William Rogers—decided not to budge. There are various explanations offered here for Rogers' reluctance to move. One is that after four years of playing second fiddle to Kissinger, about the only pleasure left for Rogers is to deny Kissinger pleasure. Another explanation also concerns pleasure, but of a more orthodox kind. Rogers has earned a reputation as the least hard-working Cabinet member. His hours at State are not long; he enjoys the many fringe benefits of being Secretary. He does not want any other position in the government. He can make a bundle when he goes back to the private practice of law, but the bundle will wait. Why doesn't Mr. Nixon sack him and give Kissinger the new toy Kissinger so desperately wants? Well, some say, Rogers has been with Nixon since Year One, and he just knows too much to risk offending.

—CATO

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in the hindsight vote, Senator McGovern must be wondering as never before.

■ Poor Clifford Irving. He had to give back most of the $750,000 he defrauded McGraw-Hill of; his book about his Hughes caper was a worst-seller; and now he's been denied parole after a whole year in jail. He'd commit suicide, but he can't decide whose name to sign on the note.

■ A. L. Rowse, the redoubtable British scholar who specializes in the Renaissance, has done something against which the odds were approximately one in ten thousand. He has said something both new and valuable about William Shakespeare. In simultaneous volumes, *Shakespeare the Man* and *Shakespeare's Sonnets: The Problems Solved*, Rowse claims to identify the "Dark Lady" of the sonnets, puts "out of court" the idea that Shakespeare was a homosexual, and uses his enormous scholarship to provide a reading of the sonnets as a well organized and very autobiographical work of art. The Dark Lady, he says, was Emilia Bassano, wife of a court musician named Will Lanier, but also the mistress of both Shakespeare and his patron, the Earl of Southampton. Even if he sometimes goes further than the evidence alone justifies, Rowse brings us closer than previous scholarship to Shakespeare the man, with his West Midlands accent and broad vowels, his actor's pleasure in the language. As one reviewer put it, Rowse's "habit of relating Shakespeare's lines to the life he led brings us so close to him that it is like seeing his poetry in the act of being born. And that is quite a privilege."

■ President Nixon signed a $22.9-billion highway bill that breaks precedent by unlocking a portion of the highway trust fund for mass transit. Another precedent was maintained, however: The bill authorizes $2.9 billion more than the President requested. In the second year $200 million would be released for city buses, and $800 million in the third year for buses, commuter railroads, and subways. These sums are relatively trivial (building a single subway system costs several billion dollars), but there is an additional $3 billion for urban mass transit financed from general revenues, and communities can substitute mass transit for highway projects. There is even $120 million set aside for bicycle paths.

■ Whenever the government has things fouled up beyond all recognition, its first recourse, inevitably, is to insist that citizens lower their standard of living to ease the crisis. Thus: If you people would put off building houses, there wouldn't be shortages of lumber and ce-

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ment. If you wouldn't drive so much, there wouldn't be a shortage of gasoline. If you'd stop buying cheap foreign goods, the dollar would be stronger. And if you won't lower your standard of living voluntarily, we'll tax you more. Here is the latest from Treasury Secretary George Schultz: There wouldn't be a meat shortage except for people "going out and buying anything they can lay their hands on." "If people will take it easy, we can get through to September 12," says he, acknowledging that price ceilings are causing the shortages. But it's only fair that you cut back anyway. "We have a very extravagant diet in this country." Not any more we don't.

■ College athletes from around the world have gathered in Moscow for the biennial World University Games. The Russians, as usual, are being perfect sports. Before the American team debarked from its plane, U.S. officials warned the athletes to leave all copies of *Playboy* and the Bible on the plane. The one, you see, has dirty pictures, the other, dirty stories. After only a few steps in the People's Garden of Eden, about one-third of the 325-member U.S. team hit a snag: The Russians imprisoned them. Soviet officials couldn't find the Americans' papers so the athletes were forced to remain in one of Moscow U's buildings. Now that the cold war is just a memory, the Americans were treated well: The Russians gave them beds. However, some of the imprisoned weren't satisfied. They thought they should also have been given food.

■ Jomo Kenyatta has passed a new law. From now on there is only one president. Kenyatta. The president of the country club will have to come up with another title, so will the president of the Nairobi Opera Company. One hopes it will stop there, else in England there would be no Queens of the May, and King Vidor would not be permitted to travel through Saudi Arabia.

■ There were just a few things wrong with the hijacking operation the Israelis pulled off against the Iraqi airliner over Lebanon: 1) It failed to effect the capture of George Habash, whom the Israelis planned to try, Eichmann-style, for numerous murders; 2) the idea of trying Habash itself was rather poor, would have polarized the Mideast and rendered diplomacy there even more difficult; 3) the hijacking was legally indefensible, an act of air piracy, and weakens the moral sanctions against future hijackings; 4) it has embarrassed Lebanon, whose moderate regime is friendly to the West; 5) it served to isolate Israel further, and therefore the U.S., in the diplomatic game in the Mideast. The operation must have been orchestrated by Liddy and McCord.

■ Detente or no detente, East Germany knows in what direction "unrestricted movement of people" goes, and means to stop it. The new Berlin accords signed a year ago state that Westerners can move freely between West Germany and West Berlin, without being stopped and searched at the border; however, it remains a criminal offense for them to smuggle out persons "not authorized to travel." It wasn't long before Westerners, realizing that their cars really wouldn't be searched, ignored the "however." Three thousand East Germans fled in the first six months of 1973 (double the rate of the first six months of 1972), and it is said that about two-thirds of them were smuggled out on the Berlin access roads. East Germany has now accused the West of not living up to its half of the bargain and has threatened unnamed "consequences" unless the stream of refugee traffic is stopped. The Bonn government has agreed that it might have to take action against those who "misuse" the Berlin transit routes, though it says it will not send refugees back. It's in a tough spot: Its people would not like to give up the new freedom of travel, but each day's events underscore the fact that Ostpolitik was a very one-sided coming-together.

■ Packing 'em in in Red China is a documentary film of a postmortem done on the body of a noblewoman buried two thousand years ago and only now exhumed. The flesh is still soft and elastic; the brain, when removed, is a "crumbling mass"; the viscera contain undigested melon seeds and the ova of intestinal worms. The doctors conclude that the lady died of a coronary attack brought on by bile stones. Reports the London *Times*: "The commentary emphasizes that the richness of the tomb—containing many exquisite funerary objects such as lacquer ware—demonstrates the way in which the feudal rulers of the day exploited the laboring masses. However, there is obvious pride in the fact that in ancient China such effective methods of embalming could have been evolved." Hell, they still don't have popcorn.

The President Marks Time

With her customary disregard of *NR*'s publishing schedule, History presented the President's newest apologia four hours after our usual deadline. A red alert to our printer opened up a small space that will be expanded next time.

1. Mr. Nixon added little, and nothing specific, to his May 22 statement. He repeated his denial of his own knowledge of or involvement in the perpetration or cover-up of "Watergate," though without indicating exactly what activities, of the many score testified to in the Senate hearings, are included under the term "Watergate." He presented no further grounds, other than his reiterated plea of innocence, for believing him rather than those whose statements conflict with his. He reaffirmed his refusal to make available any portion of the tapes that might provide additional grounds for one belief or the other.

2. Both the President's address and the accompanying "white paper" were cast almost wholly in an abstract

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mold. With only one or two exceptions, neither specific individuals nor specific incidents are mentioned. It is therefore impossible to determine what Mr. Nixon classifies among what he calls "the abuses" of Watergate or whom he condemns as authors of those abuses.

3. Mr. Nixon repeats that for eight months, from June 17, 1972 to March 21, 1973, he had no suspicion that anyone other than the seven persons indicted for the actual break-in had anything to do with "Watergate" or was involved in any kind of hanky-panky or cover-up. All things are no doubt possible, but it is hard to avoid the logical derivative of this contention: If Mr. Nixon's ignorance was that pristine, he must have been so far out of touch with the citizens, the Congress, and his own Administration as to have been "chief magistrate" in form only.

4. Prior to the August 15 address it was widely reported that the President, diversely advised by his staff, was trying to decide whether to make it the lead-off in an all-out offensive or an attempt at reconciliation and concord. In the event, it was neither. Its abstract, generalizing, subjective, often legalistic rhetoric is low-key and on the whole unprovocative. At the same time, the President, other than in his empty and therefore disingenuous "I accept full responsibility," admits to no slightest guilt, wrong, or error. He holds out no olive branch. The absence of any overture to Congress is especially conspicuous and significant.

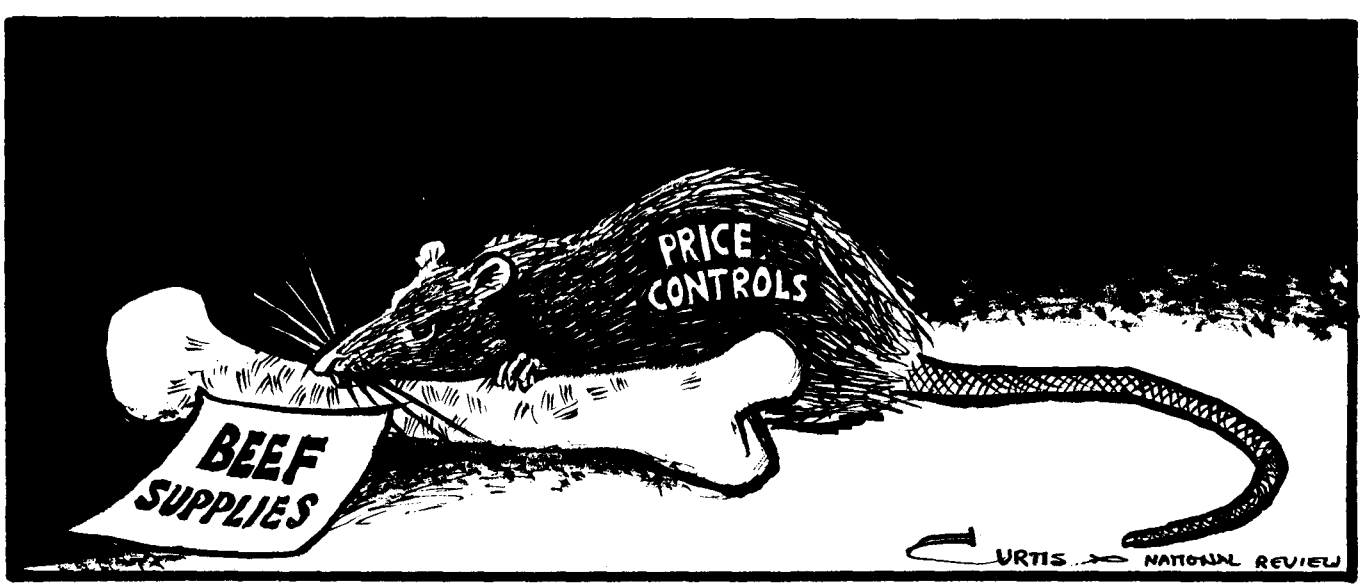
5. Strategically considered, this address marks not the general counteroffensive that many expected, but a holding operation. Mr. Nixon is relying on time the healer to exhaust public interest and attention and thereby lay the Watergate ghost. Many precedents suggest such reliance is well-founded, but Watergate may turn out to be the exception. A campaign of attrition is not a new turn for Mr. Nixon; it has been his strategy for these fourteen months past, and no end is yet in sight. Whatever the causes and the facts, Watergate has been and continues to be a traumatic experience for this nation, a trauma that has been given dramatic structure by a succession of startling events and by the form of the investigations and hearings. It may be that a profound and dramatic trauma of this kind must, like drama in general, have some sort of definite and comprehensible resolution before it can end. The plot must be completed. The protagonist must die, or be exiled, or be crowned; or at the least, the audience must be brought to comprehend the pattern of the whole.

6. Here we touch on the most serious element of Watergate. So long as the trauma lasts, the President and the government of the United States, as Mr. Nixon admitted and recognized in his address, cannot function properly. The issue is therefore whether we are going to have to drag painfully through these next three years with a paralyzed government and a straw-man as President—a "paraplegic presidency," Stewart Alsop calls it. The events of the next two or three months will probably show the answers.

Fixing the Volunteer Army

For the sixth consecutive month since the draft ended, the Army has fallen substantially short of its recruitment goals. Of those who did volunteer in July, 34 per cent were black—a figure which, not entirely by coincidence, approximates the rate of unemployment among black teenagers. The proportion of recruits with low intelligence scores rose to 31 per cent in July, compared with a projected limit of 18 per cent.

One needn't accept the view that the all-volunteer army has been a "disaster"—the hasty conclusion of many, including all who prefer compulsion on principle—to realize that there is a problem. Presumably there is *some* level of pay that will attract enough numbers. Relatively high pay is one of the inducements that get us rangers to parachute into forest fires and police to work on bomb squads. If the Air Force is attracting



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more volunteers than it needs (which it is), while the Army combat divisions are running short, then Army infantry pay might be increased to compensate for the belief that the work there is more difficult or dangerous (or boring) than in the Air Force. The higher level of pay or benefits would tend by itself to attract a higher caliber of young men, but there should also be a differential for skill, education, or ability: If high-school dropouts and skilled mechanics start at the same bottom rung, we should not be surprised that we get too many dropouts and not enough mechanics. Scholarships could be offered, instead of cash incentives, to attract college-bound youths.

Blacks make up 18.6 per cent of the Army's enlisted men, compared to 13.4 per cent in 1964 and 13.5 per cent of the service-age population. While we might do more to increase the alternatives open to young blacks —e.g., break up union monopolies and repeal the minimum wage—it isn't obvious that we should simply deny them access to what many of them see as the best available employment opportunity. To the extent that the Army's racial balance is viewed as a problem (one that can't be solved by busing them to the Navy), it might be alleviated in some degree by doing more recruiting in Northern suburbs.

The all-volunteer army is having some growing pains, as its responsible advocates expected. An imaginative jiggling of incentives should be able to overcome many of these. And, before jumping to a premature negative verdict on the all-volunteer experiment, it is relevant to recall that the draft, in these recent years, was giving results something less than ideal. An army cannot live a life of its own apart from the nation. If the nation's morale is in a slump, there is just no way to have a splendid army.

Agnew's Opportunity

Assuming that he is innocent of the allegations against him—which have been leaked to the press in detail, as is the mode these days—Vice President Agnew may come to look back on the month of August 1973 as the time when the prospect opened before him of becoming a national hero rather than only the hero of some Republicans.

Before any evidence had been presented to a grand jury, the allegations against Agnew, as noted above, were in the hands of the press and the public. Commentators speculated about the "damage" that had already been done to Agnew, even if he is innocent. Some, including *Time* Magazine, virtually ruled him out of the 1976 presidential race, again, even if he is innocent. But if he is in fact innocent and can prove it, Agnew will be in an excellent position to crystallize the resentment of a public now approaching surfeit where leaks, charges, allegations, muckraking, and mudslinging are concerned.

The Watergate affair has its uglier aspects. But piled on top of that, and linked to it merely by coincidence, we have had the very different matter of the President's various houses. And, on top of that, the still different matter of the "secret" Cambodian bombing. Charges have filled the air regarding the wheat deal, the rise in milk prices, the handling of the ITT antitrust suit, and so forth. All of these things have been rolled together as if they provided self-evident proof of pervasive moral depravity.

Now, however, it turns out, for example, that the expenditures at San Clemente, Key Biscayne, and elsewhere were decidedly non-scandalous. Of the $10 million involved, the biggest slice ($5.9 million) was spent by the military for communications and other necessary installations. The General Services Administration spent $3.7 million for office complexes and for various kinds of security-related equipment. Helicopter pads and other non-personal miscellaneous items account for most of the rest. A large part of the material is recoverable at the end of Mr. Nixon's term. On this entire matter, the President's assailants now seem forced to choose between two positions: 1) They can quarrel about the cushions in his office and about the $621 spent for an ice-maker used by government employees at Key Biscayne, or 2) they can say that $10 million is too much to pay to establish presidential complexes in San Clemente and Key Biscayne. As regards San Clemente, however, where most of the expense was incurred, it has from the start seemed to *NR* that the benefits to the nation and to the Presidency were substantial, and, until this year, most comment has agreed: It is good to get the top officials out of Washington; California is our largest state; the U.S. is a Pacific power; etc. The widely separated residences embody the awareness that the U.S. is a continental power, not an East Coast enclave.

And what of the scandalous "secret" bombing of Cambodia, which is now being treated as the moral equivalent of the Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbor? Manifestly, the war in Indochina was not limited to South Vietnam. In Communist strategic planning, the war embraces the entire area. Since the parts of Cambodia bombed had long been entirely under North Vietnamese control, it is obviously only in a rather ideal sense that these jungles, trails, and installations can be called "Cambodia." Nor is it true that the actual purpose of the "secrecy" was to conceal the raids from the American people. The diplomatic picture in 1969 and 1970 was murky, but the indications are that then-Premier Prince Norodom Sihanouk was tilting toward the U.S. and that the bombing was carried out with his acquiescence, perhaps even at his request. The raids could hardly have been trumpeted on page one of the nation's newspapers without causing Sihanouk unacceptable embarrassment. And key Senate leaders were informed about them.

And so it goes. When you get past the shouting and the moralizing, many of these so-called scandals take on a different look altogether. That perception, moreover, is beginning to acquire currency.

The allegations against Agnew, fortunately enough,

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Memo to: our adult readers

From: Jim McFadden

Just this summer I met an obviously intelligent young man (he lives next door at the beach), fresh from his first year at a most respectable -- and most liberal -- New England college. Mentioning National Review (I mentioned it -- vacations shouldn't be all play and no work) not only brought instant recognition, but also produced a "serious" discussion.

He was anxious to know "what conservatives believed." Did I really believe in this, and that, and the other? Seriously? (Believe it or not, I managed to swim out of Watergate in about 50 well-chosen, weasily words.) Even Religion? Come on!

"Well," I found myself saying, "how do you define Agnosticism?," which is what he said he "believed in." "It's the philosophy of doubt," he answered with his quite impressive assurance, and when I asked him "Are you sure?" -- he laughed, and then laughed some more, for quite a while, and we went on to many more enjoyable subjects. We ended, I believe, good friends.

I hope I see him again next year. In the meantime, he will be receiving National Review, because I'm going to send it to him myself, via NR's special student rate. I think it's well worth the investment, because he's got a good mind -- he'll do something with himself -- and the only question is, what? He had heard about NR (had actually used Sen. Jim Buckley's recent article in a report last spring), but really never thought of reading it. Not done in his set. I betcha next year he talks to me about NR!

Now I don't know whether this "real life" story impresses you, but I hope it does. It's the kind of thing that has never ceased to impress me: how much one chance word or thoughtful act can do, especially with young people. Whereas at home they seem to know everything, it can be quite different when they're away. That is why sending NR to some student you know is well worth the small cost and effort involved (all you need do is use the card facing this page). It will show you're thinking about them, and care -- a flattering thought -- and, most important of all, NR just might do a lot of good (after all, they can get into it on their own -- not at all like "preaching" at them face-to-face).

If you yourself don't know of any students who would profit from NR, we certainly do -- we'll be glad to send Student Rate subscriptions to someone on our waiting list -- as many as you want to send, all at this special money-saving rate. Just write me direct and I'll see to it. But if you know a student who should be reading NR, won't you please use the handy card opposite to send a student-rate subscription today? Make sure all the students you care about at least have the opportunity to find out for themselves about NR (and all it stands for!). No need to pay now -- we'll be glad to bill you later. The important thing is to use the card now, before your forget. Many thanks.

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are highly specific and therefore lend themselves to proof or disproof. They do not consist of the surmises and interpretations of a John Dean. At his press conference Agnew met them forthrightly. Did he receive $1,000 per week in kickbacks from contractors? Damned lie, said the Vice President. Did he have a political slush-fund created by Baltimore County contractors? "Never." Had he made personal use of money from persons or firms doing business with Maryland or with the Federal Government? "Absolutely not." Agnew is also quite prepared to provide investigators with personal records backing his denials, and also to submit to questioning.

If Agnew proves his innocence, he will then emerge as a man smeared by leak and anonymous allegation. The evil of this sort of thing will be manifest. He will be in an excellent position to counterattack, to demand that some facts support allegations that are floated. He could transform the political atmosphere.

Rotten in Chile

Salvador Allende is up to his old tricks. Last October, after a series of strikes initiated by the middle-class National Confederation of Truck Owners, Allende brought the conservative military into his cabinet and succeeded in ending the economically devastating strikes. Then, after the March elections, Allende eased the military out and promised his radical supporters he would continue to lead Chile down the road to socialism.

Unfortunately for Allende, a majority of Chileans don't seem to want to make the trip. On July 26, the truckers again went on strike, to protest the government's plan to nationalize their industry. As before, other business and professional groups joined them and once more succeeded in disrupting Chile's moribund economy. After some pro forma blustering about "fascist opposition," there was nothing left for Allende to do but reach into his hat and pull out the military again. Only this time the trick didn't work so well. The strikes have continued. The Christian Democratic Party, the largest in Chile and Allende's biggest opposition, has stood firmly behind the strikers, welcomed the military into the cabinet, and now is demanding further concessions from Allende—concessions that could bring an end to socialism. The opposition-controlled Congress has already approved a bill calling for the removal of the workers' committees or government-appointed "mediators" that now run more than 90 per cent of Chile's major industries. Congress is also demanding that state intervention in the economy be the prerogative of Congress, not the Executive. The bargaining is now in progress, and the chances are Allende will approve the reforms in order to get the Christian Democrats' support to end the strikes. If he gets it, his socialist revolution may well be permanently detoured.

As in the legislature, the battle continues in the rest of Chile; nobody is neutral. Workers in Santiago, Valparaiso, and other cities have set up defense groups to protect their revolution; they are not pleased by the return of the military to the cabinet. One of their leaders has said: "At first we believed we could lay the bases of socialism in freedom here, but now we think a dictatorship of the people is necessary." Allende's naval aide-de-camp has been assassinated. Bombings are an everyday occurrence; vital pipelines are blown up throughout the country. Supporters of Allende parade unmolested by the police; supporters of the strikers hold what the *Christian Science Monitor* called "one of the most peaceful demonstrations" in Santiago only to have it labeled "vile aggression" by leftists, and are hosed and tear-gassed by police.

Even with the military in the cabinet, Allende may not be able to halt the escalating violence and disorder. If he approves the reforms that the Center-Right demands, he'll alienate his leftist supporters. If, on the other hand, he denies the military any power in the cabinet, the military will resign, thus bringing Chile a step closer to civil war. But during his 33 months in office Allende has shown himself to be a master politician, and an extraordinarily lucky one. When his regime was at its nadir last year, it was rescued by Jack Anderson's revelations of ITT's "plotting" to "block Allende's election" and to "interfere in Chile's free-election process." Thus Allende's most recent tactic doesn't surprise: His Popular Unity Party and the leftist press are saying that the chaos is inspired by the U.S. Ambassador to Chile, Nathaniel Davis, and, of course, the Central Intelligence Agency. But such stuff is old hat. Allende will need some new tricks if he is to survive.

Federal Patronage: Arts and Humanities

The Federal Government is now edging into the subsidization of art and scholarship in a big way. In 1966, the National Endowment for the Arts received an appropriation of $2.5 million. In 1973 the budget soared to $38 million. The sum for the next fiscal year is to be negotiated between the Senate and the House in conference: The Senate has voted $123.25 million to be divided between the twin National Endowments, Arts and Humanities. The House was willing to put up $100 million. Moreover, the Senate bill authorizes $160 million in fiscal 1974 and a whopping $400 million by 1976.

These appropriations and plans are open to objections both practical and philosophical.

On the practical level, while both Endowments have so far and on the whole been honestly administered and have hard-working staffs, they have also—and perhaps unavoidably—funded a great many dubious projects. As the appropriations skyrocket, the problems of screening and evaluation are likely to be insuperable and the opportunities for corruption enormous. Even at the present

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level, there is a substantial amount of pork-barreling: a senator or a congressman demanding that *his* favored string ensemble or *his* Chicano muralist get the fat grant. Large sums of money draw politicians the way a corpse draws maggots. Furthermore, in both Endowments, a tremendous tug of war goes on between regional distribution and objective quality. And the Endowments, existing inescapably in a political atmosphere, find it impossible to resist the winds of political fashion: Indian art, black art, studies of cultural genocide in Watts, etc.

Philosophically, there exist many as yet unresolved issues. It is not clear that the Federal Government ought to be supporting dance groups or experimental films with taxpayers' money. It is also obvious that federal funding will, even if unintentionally, affect the art and the scholarship produced: Each Endowment in making its choices necessarily says *this* and not *that*. Whether either Endowment can or even should say that sort of thing responsibly remains unclear, and these doubts deepen as the sums involved grow.

The Selling of HEW

Shortly after CBS warned America about "The Selling of the Pentagon," the Department of Health, Education and Welfare overtook the Defense Department in spending. Next year HEW will outspend the Pentagon by more than $12 billion. This summer the American Conservative Union's monthly bulletin, *Battle Line*, took note of the findings of two congressmen who have studied recent HEW budgets with an eye to public-relations expenditures. Their findings will be of no interest to CBS.

Rep. Bill Chappell (D., Fla.) was told "that the Welfare Department's pr expenditure during 1972 came to $27.2 million—almost $2 million *more* than the comparable figure for the Pentagon." In an interview with the office of Rep. Robert Huber (R., Mich.), however, a HEW official added that this figure did not include personnel salaries, which would raise the amount by $9 million. But there is more. Huber was told that HEW based its figure on a roster of 690 employees devoted to public relations, while Chappell, though not receiving a figure on salaries, was told that HEW had 1,167 pr workers. In addition to all this, HEW's congressional lobbying staff is more than three times as large as the Defense Department's.

And of course none of these figures takes account of the immense advantages HEW enjoys, free, in the media and in the universities (see "The E[ducation-] P[overty-] I[ndustrial] Complex," *NR*, October 13, 1972).

Our Volunteer Army

In Switzerland, conscription
  Affects each native son.
In Sweden, they maneuver
  Before they're 21.
Deep down in dark Uganda,
  The current Big I-Am
Insists on army service
  To save him from a jam.
Our government rests easy
  With men who volunteered.
Rome used the same procedure
  Before she disappeared.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Oracle at Kampala

Is Idi Amin the coolest ironist since the Delphic oracle or is he simply so naive that he oughtn't to be allowed out by himself? Take his recent communications with other heads of state. First, his cable to Queen Elizabeth (all his cables, by the way, are released over Radio Uganda before they reach their destinations): "I have the honor to address your Majesty, as the Head of the Commonwealth, to be so kind as to avail to me one of your special aircraft and guards from Scotland for flying to the Commonwealth conference in Ottawa. . . . I am a leader who does not believe in propaganda but only in the truth and I am the only leader in the world who does not fear anybody except God. I feel that my attendance at the conference will be of great benefit to Britain."

The Queen must have felt differently, since no plane was provided, and General Amin never showed up at the conference. However, he did send a surrogate, Foreign Minister Paul Etiang, by scheduled airlines, and with him a speech, which Etiang duly delivered: "Britain appears to be devoid of any principles or any moral strength. . . . If colonialism in Africa is abetted and encouraged, we will soon go back to a period where black faces disappear from this conference. [The British welcomed Portuguese Premier Marcello Caetano] as if to thank him for the policy of extermination he was carrying on in Portuguese colonies."

Then there was his cable to Lon Nol, a week before the bombing ended: "You and I are aware that our brother and colleague President Nixon has, at the moment, so many personal problems such as the Watergate episode, the $10 million allegedly spent on his personal houses, and his Vice President's investigations for possible criminal offenses. He may not, therefore, have enough time to attend to details of what his troops are doing in Cambodia. . . . [I have] repeatedly emphasized that it is my sincerest wish to improve the relations between Uganda and the United States and . . . on my part I am doing all I can to achieve this goal. This message, which is copied to my brother and colleague President Nixon, is another practical example of my efforts in this direction." There hasn't been anything like it since Evita Perón sent up a boat-load of second-hand children's clothing for the needy in Washington, D.C.

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The Prague Connection

Everyone has been wondering what the world press and left-wing activists would focus on when Southeast Asia cooled off. They may have found their answer in southern Africa. First came the *Manchester Guardian*'s full-scale exposé of hiring practices and wages in South Africa, then the London *Times*' atrocity stories from Mozambique; next month, the United Nations Security Council will take up the question of South West Africa, which South Africa wants to turn into semi-autonomous Bantustans, and which many blacks want to make a unified, independent state, Namibia.

There have been some fascinating developments in the Mozambique story, which is the hottest of the three just now (see "The Protracted Conflict," August 3 and August 17). A report has reached the West, via the Christian Democratic Party in West Germany, that the atrocity stories originated in the Czech secret service, which is known for its imaginative propaganda. According to the Christian Democrats' Prague source, it was the Czechs, in tandem with the KGB, that decided Portugal's colonial activities would be the best substitute for America's involvement in Vietnam. So two agents went to Africa, where they interviewed spokesmen for Frelimo, the Mozambique Liberation Front. According to the Prague source, this explains some of the peculiarities that have been bothering Western analysts, such as the nonexistence of a village named Wiriyamu: The Czechs stayed in Zambia and Tanzania, never went to the scene of the alleged massacres at all. And, since they had trouble finding a common language with the Frelimo members, they may have mistaken the name of a village chief, Wiriyamu, for the name of a village itself. When they returned home and submitted their rough draft, the KGB decided that if the story were to be impressive by post-Mylai standards, the death toll would have to be at least four hundred—so four hundred it was. A few more embellishments and the story was ready. It was then an easy matter to introduce it among leftist Catholics, only too willing to believe the worst about a white colonial regime in Africa.

The Germans are still attempting to check out the Prague connection, but there should be no surprise if it it true. This is exactly the Communists' modus operandi. Remember Guernica.

Five Per Cent and a Toaster

To protect established banks from competition, savings and loan associations have been restricted to investing in mortgages. As always, this control led to others. Since their assets were tied up in older, low-interest mortgages, savings and loan associations couldn't pay savers enough to keep up with short-term increases in interest rates. Accordingly, commercial banks were prohibited from offering savers interest earnings that reflected the high interest they could charge on short-term loans during inflationary booms (needless to say, the banks do not object to paying savers 5 per cent and lending the money at 9 to 18 per cent). Savings and loan associations were permitted to pay slightly more than the banks, but they were still pinched. Holding 6 per cent mortgages, they were required (the ceiling became a floor) to pay nearly that much to get money. So the savings and loan associations were given special tax breaks.

All this compounding of regulations and favors still didn't work: When the gap between market rates of interest and legal ceilings became too conspicuous, savers pulled their money out of savings accounts and bought corporate or Treasury securities. The classic example was the so-called "credit crunch" of 1969, when money for mortgages and small business loans simply dried up and disappeared.

Surveying the rubble, the Nixon Administration decided on a fresh start. Savings institutions would be permitted to be stockholder-owned, under the Administration proposals, and to offer checking accounts and consumer loans. Ceilings on interest paid to savers would be phased out. Interest could be paid on checking accounts. With the exception of a dubious tax break for mortgage investment, the plan amounts to nothing more or less than allowing the free market to work. The result would be an increased incentive to save—providing urgently needed capital and a reduction in inflationary pressure—and a more efficient allocation of funds. Now, if only Congress can muster up the courage to act.

Jesus Christ Superstud

In the nineteenth century, Jesus Christ was often depicted as a progressive, humanitarian social reformer. In the 1930s he became a revolutionary. All through the 1960s, Columbia professor Morton Smith was busily working out the theory that Jesus was a homosexual and a magician, a sort of benign Charlie Manson, the chief flower-child of Galilee. Now, not coincidentally, and following close upon the porn breakthrough and the commercial success of *Deep Throat*, we are to have *The Love Life of Jesus Christ*. By love, Denmark's author-director Jens-Jorgen Thorsen does not mean *agape*. The movie will include several scenes of Jesus participating in group sex, for, according to Thorsen, his "needs and urges are as earthly as any man's." Which, we are to understand, also explains Jesus' appearance in the flick as a bank robber, a woman, a Black Panther, and Tarzan of the Apes. The film was made possible by a fat grant from the Danish government, plus a large sum put up by one Jens Theader, previously known as a leading pornographer. The progressive, enlightened Copenhagen regime thus achieves a highly symbolic apotheosis: in partnership with a pornographer to produce Jesus Christ

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Superstud. We do not know whether he has the famous sex-change operation in the film.

O Holy Inquisition, where are you when we need you most?

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

The following definition of death as made by an American scholar in the *International Journal of Epidemiology* (quoted by Mr. C. M. Fletcher in the *Times* of London letters page, June 14, 1973): "This state implies absolute dysfunction with a zero transitional probability to a higher state."

O rem ridiculam, Cato, et iocosam . . .

Yours,
Philip Brantingham
Glenville, Illinois

Dear Mr. Brantingham: The definition is, on top of everything else, incorrect. Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

The enclosed is for your attention. —JKG

John Kenneth Galbraith
Professor of Economics at Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Galbraith:

I have been a fan of yours for quite some time and I agree almost 100 per cent with your liberal views. I particularly enjoy watching you chew up William F. Buckley during debates.

I would like to ask a favor of you. I possess a hobby and that is I collect autographs of people I admire. I would appreciate it very much if you would send me your autograph and I will be very grateful. Thank you and best of luck to you in the future.

Sincerely,
Mark Sheeran (Age 14)
11 E. 87th St.
N.Y. 10028

Dear Mark: You are at the perfect age to be a fan of Professor Galbraith. He has a new book coming out, and with every copy you get two popsicles. Watch for it. Forgivingly, —WFB

MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: C. H. Simonds
See p. 43! . . . Who woulda thunk it?

From p. 43, *Human Behavior, the Newsmagazine of the Social Sciences*, July 1973:

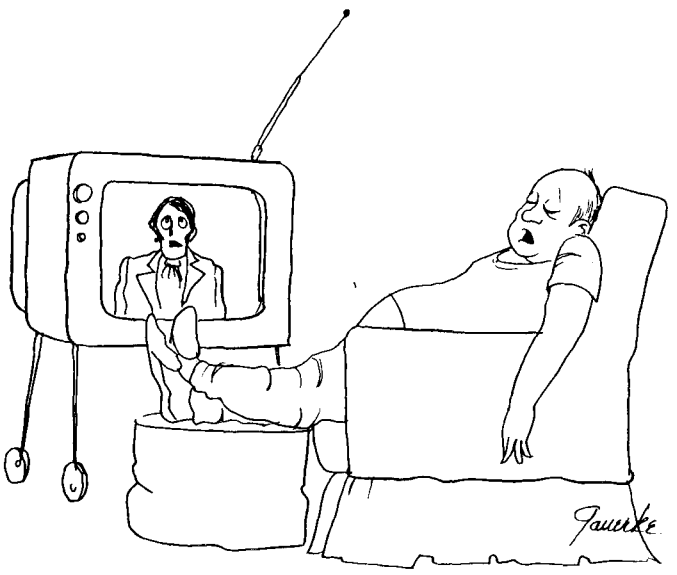
"TORY TASTES

"The secret is out: Bill Buckley's idea of an old master is Norman Rockwell. But William F. is not a man alone among conservatives; faced with the ambiguity and anomie, complexity and change in our world, conservatives recoil. So when it comes to art, rightists all over echo Thoreau's sentiments and cry out: 'Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!' The conservative's compulsion to uncomplicate not only reduces his choices but also minimizes the number of stimuli he will consent to receive. Or so say Glen D. Wilson, University of London psychiatrist, and James Ausman and Thomas R. Matthews, California State University at Los Angeles. . . ."

MEMO TO: *Human Behavior, the Newsmagazine of the Social Sciences*
FROM: WFB

Gentlemen: Never once having, to my knowledge, uttered the name of Norman Rockwell, having no particular interest in his work other than to admire his technical skill, having made no secret of my fancies in art, I take leave to cry out: Be Accurate! The best use to which Norman Rockwell was ever put was by Randall Jarrell in his novel where he spoke of the young and tweedy college president asking the alumnae for money . . . "Not to have given him what he asked, they felt, would have been to mine the bridge that bears the train that carries the supply of this year's Norman Rockwell Boy Scout Calendars." My regards to Professors Wilson and Ausman and Matthews, and warn them against standing in front of a pointillist canvas. They will get one stimulus per dot, and the effect is—well, just don't try it, remember. Yours cordially,

—WFB



". . . and while all America agonizes over the Watergate tragedy, we have assembled a group of panelists . . ."

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When You're Hot

As a measure of the confidence and comity of Mr. Nixon's Administration in August 1973, historians may wish to note this datum. Some significant White House aides—the "hardliners"—were not very secretly elated when the news broke that Mr. Agnew is being investigated in connection with criminal charges of bribery, extortion, and tax evasion. This investigation might not seem like just what the doctor ordered for Mr. Nixon's Administration. But when you're hot, you're hot, and when you're not, well, misery loves company in the headlines.

The "hardliners" believe the White House has done nothing illegal or even reprehensible; or believe they should act as though they believe that. They believe the Watergate furor is a circus cynically contrived by radical-liberals in the Congress and media; or they believe they should act as though they believe that. From the start their advice to Mr. Nixon has been either to ignore the furor ("tough it out") or attack the motives and characters of those creating the furor ("brazen it out").

The hardliners, several of whom used to work for H. R. Haldeman, Charles Colson, and John Ehrlichman, are carrying on the tradition that helped make Mr. Nixon what he is today. They have no use for any other Republican, and they are tickled pink to see a single issue of the *Washington Post* devote more than 450 column inches of newsprint to Mr. Agnew's woes.

This, more than anything else could, reveals the extent of Mr. Nixon's decline since late March. On March 27 Mr. Nixon vetoed the vocational rehabilitation bill. On April 3 his supporters in Congress easily sustained his veto of this popular but costly measure. Having extracted American ground combat troops from South Vietnam and called it "peace," he had turned to the domestic front and won a significant first victory. From the outside, all seemed to be well.

But by April 3 he was finished with his more than thirty meetings with John Dean; things were on the skids.

Today the President's foreign policy is his no longer. Senator William Fulbright, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, who enjoys scant respect from his colleagues and who has suffered repeated humiliations in recent years as floor votes have reversed decisions taken by his Committee, is now, thanks to Mr. Nixon's collapse, at the zenith of his career. Someone was bound to flow into the vacuum. So Senator Fulbright, by default, assumes the power to block Nixon appointments and to exercise considerable influence over military assistance programs—one of the two crucial elements of Nixon's foreign policy.

The other crucial element was to have been expanded and politically directed international trade, especially trade that would cement detente with the Soviet Union. But the trade bill is mired and when it begins to move, as it surely will, Senator Henry Jackson is going to tack on an amendment that some fear (and others hope) will put sand in the gears of detente. His amendment will deny substantial trade benefits—especially long-term credits, financed by American taxpayers—to the Soviet Union unless and until the Soviet government grants its citizens the right to emigrate. Senator Fulbright and Mr. Nixon are allied in opposing this, and for a while it looked as though the fight would be close. But now nearly 70 per cent of the Congress (including 77 senators) have joined as co-sponsors of the Jackson Amendment.

Some of these co-sponsors are less than passionately devoted to the Amendment, and it had been the Administration's plan, back a few months ago when the Administration could sensibly entertain such plans, to plant some fake co-sponsors on the list and then have them jump ship to support an Administration "compromise" amendment that would cause the Soviet government no pain. The Jackson Amendment will force a Soviet choice between desperately needed American aid and the sacrifice of one strut in its structure of tyranny.

But now it seems highly unlikely that the Administration can choreograph its imagined ballet with a substitute amendment. When a President is riding high there always are a score or so senators, and three times that many congressmen, who are not committed supporters of that President but who will jump through hoops, do favors for the Soviet Union, do *anything* short of risking a reclamation project—just to keep the White House god and demigods smiling. Not now.

The White House demigods are feeling put-upon these days. Well, when you're hot you're hot, and when you're not you take your pleasure where you can find it, even in the discomfiture of your Administration's Vice President. But when you're not hot, the world plays cruel tricks on you. If Mr. Agnew had acted predictably—if he had followed the example of Mr. Nixon; if he had followed the *urgings* of Mr. Nixon—he would not have held that press conference to denounce the rumors about charges against him. He would have hunkered down on the second floor of the Executive Office Building and let the tanks roll over him.

Indeed, Mr. Agnew's original plan had been to hold no press conference, and not to issue any statement other than the terse and rather awful one he issued the night the *Wall Street Journal* and *Washington Post* went to press with the story about the investigation. That two-sentence statement used the word "criminal" twice and did nothing to raise Mr. Agnew above the normal White House posture of indifference to serious charges.

Fortunately for Mr. Agnew, the Baltimore investigation was leaking like something in need of—God forbid!—plumbers, so Mr. Agnew held his press conference to take the offensive. To the chagrin of the White House "hardliners," the conference changed the impact of the Agnew story. Instead of banishing Watergate from the headlines, the Agnew stories added—fairly or unfairly, we do not know yet—to the aura of scandal enveloping the White House; and Mr. Agnew's press conference made Mr. Nixon seem, by contrast, even more reclusive. □

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What Ever Happened to Horsetrading?

THE U.S. Government has indicated that it will support UN membership for East Germany at the UN General Assembly session opening next month, and has begun talks with the East German government that are expected to lead to formal diplomatic relations.

In a public ceremony in July, two East German border guards were awarded decorations for valor in the defense of the Fatherland. They had thwarted an attempt to escape across the Berlin Wall by five young East Germans. The guards had shot four of the group, killing two of them. No public protest of the killing or of the award was made, officially or unofficially, by any spokesman of the U.S. Government.

There is abundant evidence that, since President Nixon's visit to Moscow inaugurated the era of good feeling, the Soviet government has strengthened its campaign against what it defines as dissidence and "anti-state activities." In fact, the Kremlin has made no effort to conceal this strengthening but has, rather, deliberately publicized it. The drive to suppress the leading samizdat publication, the *Chronicle of Current Events*, seems to have succeeded. No issue has appeared for nearly a year, and most of the scientists and intellectuals who wrote for it have been arrested. Dozens of prominent Ukrainians and Georgians have been fired from their jobs, jailed, or sent to camps, for alleged "nationalism." "Dissidents" in jail or camp are having their sentences extended by administrative decree. Many scientists, historians, writers, and plain citizens are ending up in the KGB-run "mental hospitals." As if seeking to advertise its totalitarian commitments, the Soviet government on August 8 announced cancellation of the citizenship of the brilliant biologist, Zhores Medvedev—major critic of Stalin's court scientist, Trofim Lysenko—who, with official authorization, has been working in London's National Institute for Medical Research for the past year. No public protest against any of these actions nor any expression of regret or distaste has been made, officially or unofficially, by any spokesman for the U.S. Government.

At the preliminary session of the Conference on European Security and Cooperation, held in Helsinki early this summer, the Soviet representative reaffirmed the doctrine that was formulated by Brezhnev after the Soviet army had put it into practice in Czechoslovakia: A "threat to socialism" anywhere is a threat to socialism everywhere—in other words, Soviet power will crush any attempt to change the government of any Communist-ruled nation. No reply to or comment on this brutal announcement of what European security and cooperation means in Kremlin eyes was made by any delegate to the conference. Secretary of State Rogers, head of the U.S. delegation, took a recess to pay a visit to—Prague.

Come On Over

A Boston travel agency, after negotiating agreements with Intourist and other relevant Soviet institutions, prepared a program to take 16,500 U.S. citizens on low-cost charter tours to Leningrad and Moscow. The tourist agency contracted for the aircraft, put out 400,000 brochures, and signed up several thousand customers. At the end of July the Soviet authorities, without explanation, suddenly canceled the entire project.

Voice of America broadcasts to Russia, bland as they are, continue to be jammed. U.S. newspapers and magazines cannot be bought or circulated in the Soviet Union.

What is the meaning of this detente that is presented to us as the crowning achievement of twentieth-century diplomacy? Is its purpose, as the record so far suggests, merely to induce us to underwrite, politically, economically, and morally, this unabashed, unrepentant totalitarian regime? So far, this is all the detente has amounted to.

Even if we are ready and willing to pay that price—or, as is true of many of us, are indifferent to it—what do we get in return? Two things, we are told: peace and profitable trade. Sober doubts are already rising about the trade. There is no doubt, though, that the trade projects carried out (the grain deal), or planned, or hoped, have been or would be very profitable to the Soviet Union. The products and technology we send will, like the grain, fill holes in the faltering totalitarian economy. A few U.S. businessmen will make a lot of money; some already have. But profit for the nation, for the national economy as a whole? It doesn't look so promising.

That peace, too, seems a distant affair. At any rate, it doesn't seem to have helped us much in Cambodia, or to have interfered with the arrival of the new Soviet missile with a warhead even larger than that of the SS-9, which can carry a load a dozen times more powerful than our Minuteman.

What the Silence Says

Greedy businessmen and demagogic political leaders cannot or will not understand that the totalitarian habits of the regime have some bearing on the chances for peace and mutually profitable trade. And they are so impatient for the profits and the demagogic triumphs that they do not stop to bargain.

Secretary Rogers flew off to Prague. It was left for British Foreign Minister Alec Douglas-Home to explain, though few were listening, that there was little hope for Security and Cooperation unless people and books and journals and ideas could move freely—in both directions—across borders.

By the silence of our representatives and leaders, we Americans have become the accomplices of those who man the Berlin Wall, who shut those who differ with them in madhouses run by the secret police, who lock their citizens inside their borders, who black out communication with their fellow man.

As fact and as symbol the Berlin Wall sums up the essence of totalitarianism. Can we not forget our bungling realpolitik long enough to make destruction of the Wall a precondition to diplomatic relations with East Germany? □

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GETTING AT THE GUERNICA MYTH

In our January 5, 1973 issue, we published "The Great Guernica Fraud," by Professor Jeffrey Hart. He argued that, contrary to the received view, the destruction of the town of Guernica was carried out by the retreating pro-government forces, and not by the German Condor Legion. It is not too much to say that this article caused an international stir. It was reprinted in the Washington Post, *in* Die Welt, *and in assorted Spanish and other Continental organs. The East European press reacted.* NR *received numerous letters and articles on the subject, and some of these possess substantial political and scholarly interest in their own right. Some contribute original research and fresh documentation to the Guernica discussion. Herewith we present three such pieces and reprint an important letter by historian Brian Crozier, which appeared in England. Professor Hart concludes with a brief evaluative comment.*

I. HART NO HISTORIAN

WILLIAMSON MURRAY

I found a recent article by Mr. Jeffrey Hart, "The Great Guernica Fraud," that was so filled with half-truths, misstatements, and just plain lies that I felt I must write a reply.

After considerable research in both the secondary and the primary material there is no doubt, despite what Mr. Hart and the Nationalist government may claim, that the Italians and particularly the German "Condor Legion" were responsible for the mass bombing of the town of Guernica. While I do not want to get into the question as to whether there was a legitimate military target in the town or not, the attempts of the Franco government thirty years after the fact to pretend that the Reds blew up all the buildings and then claimed that terror bombings had occurred would at least seem to indicate that terror bombings had actually occurred.

I am sure that your magazine has been besieged with people offering proofs, drawn exclusively from secondary sources, that the Germans were responsible; so let me offer only direct testimony drawn directly from German sources. Should you be interested in the truth, I am also including references to where the material may be found in the captured German records.

THE FIRST and most conclusive piece of material that I can offer is the report of a German naval officer, *Fregattenkapitän* Heye, written in the summer of 1938 (July 14, 1938) on his journey to Nationalist Spain. The report is marked top secret (*Geheime Kommandosache*) and discusses Heye's experiences and observations on the activities of the German forces in Spain. The document can be found in the microfilms of the "Tambach" collection of German naval documents that were captured at the end of the war and microfilmed for our Navy. The microfilm roll on which this document can be found is in the Navy Documents Center, Navy Yard, Washington, D.C. The roll number is T-276 and the file number is PG48902.

The particular section of the document that concerns Guernica is listed under a section entitled *Luftangriffe gegen die Moral der Gegner (nicht militärische Objekte)* (Air attacks directed against morale of the enemy—nonmilitary targets). The document says the following in translation:

> Disregarding the great military success accompanying the use of the Luftwaffe for the immediate support of army operations, one gets the impression that air attacks on objects of little military importance, through which, in most cases, far too many women and children, but only insignificant military targets, were hit, are not a suitable means to break the resistance of the opponent. They seem far more suited to strengthening the resistance. . . . It must not be forgotten that the moral incrimination of the present measures would fit all too easily the shoes of the Germans and Italians, and the Spanish themselves, perhaps at a later time, would with such an argument make themselves free of their own responsibility. Moreover, such a present war policy works very unfavorably on Third States in propaganda, a

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circumstance which at the present time should be avoided. . . . Doubtless, however, the memory of the air attack on Guernica by the (Condor) Legion still today produces an after-effect in the population and permits no friendly feelings for Germany in the population of the Basques, who earlier were thoroughly friendly and in no way Communistic.

The second piece of clear evidence of German responsibility can be found in a study written for the USAF by Lt. Gen. Herman Plocher of the Luftwaffe, entitled "The German Air Force in the Spanish Civil War." This study, AF Study #150, can be located in the Captured Records Branch, Military Archives Division, National Archives, Washington, D.C. Here is what General Plocher, who was in the Condor Legion, has to say about the bombing of Guernica (although some of what he says must be taken with a grain of salt):

> Shortly afterwards, the bombardment and destruction of the national shrine of the Basques in Guernica took place, an affair which was magnified to the proportions of a heinous crime by the world press. The city of Guernica lies at the end of a deeply cut fjord; and here there was a bridge, strategically important since it was the only line of communications between the southern positions of the Red troops and their hinterland. The destruction of the bridge was the primary objective of the whole day's operation. The Condor Legion had sent its bombers up to attack the bridge singly, and as soon as the bombs began to fall the population immediately evacuated the city and fled to the hills. Then the following misfortune came to pass: The city of Guernica lies in a region rich in wood and thus, its houses . . . are built of wood. Not only the Germans but also the Italians had been ordered to bombard the bridge, but the Italians had a different method of bombardment than the Germans. Instead of flying singly, they flew in squadron formation and, at a signal from the squadron leader, dropped their entire load simultaneously. As a result, a good many of the bombs landed wide of the target, right in the middle of the abandoned town.

IT IS quite clear that, while Mr. Hart may be a professor at Dartmouth, he has little experience with the demands of either serious research or serious historiography. Let me add that *Fregattenkapitän* Heye was one of the most important personalities on the German Naval Staff. Without a doubt he was allowed to see everything and no secrets were kept from him on his fact-finding mission for the German Naval Staff. As mentioned, General Plocher was in Spain in the Condor Legion and had detailed knowledge of German air operations. While in Washington, it took me less than two days to find both these items, despite the fact that I was working on my dissertation. Professor Hart should stay away from complicated subjects in his future articles for NATIONAL REVIEW, and he should particularly stay away from subjects that have to do with history.

(Mr. Williamson Murray is a PhD candidate in the History Department of the Yale Graduate School.)

II. TALÓN CONTRA HART

LAWRENCE NEVINS

The controversy over Guernica ought to have been terminated in 1970 with the publication in Madrid of a book entitled *Arde Guernica*, or *Guernica's Burning*, by Vicente Talón. Although written by a journalist in a popular style, it is, nevertheless, solidly based on extensive research and reportorial leg-work. The author considered evidence from all sources—Left and Right, foreign and domestic.

The only conclusion a fair-minded reader of this work can draw is that, despite some mythological trappings, the commonly accepted story is essentially true. German planes flew over Guernica, dropping first explosive bombs and then incendiaries; the wind and the peculiarly combustible nature of the town completed the job. The Germans did to Guernica what they later did to Rotterdam, and what still later would be done to them at Hamburg and Dresden.

The myth of a myth began because the Nationalist authorities were not informed of the event. The Franco forces first heard the news of the bombing from their opponents, whom they were disinclined to believe. They denied the bombing of Guernica because they thought it had not occurred; confusion about the date, and other seemingly circumstantial evidence, strengthened their conviction that the Republicans were lying.

When Nationalist leaders finally discovered what really had occurred, they had already painted themselves into a corner. Their exalted sense of dignity did not allow them to admit publicly to mistakes of that kind. Others in Nationalist Spain who knew the truth also knew that it was not exactly healthy to air it.

The situation is summed up in an anecdote about General Mola which Talón related in his book. Guernica had been bombed on April 26 and was occupied by the Nationalists on April 29. On the latter day, before Mola had entered the town, he met Francisco Urtiaga, a doctor who had come to headquarters to make himself known to the new authorities. Discovering that he came from Guernica, Mola good-humoredly questioned him about it.

> "Tell me about the destruction of your town."
>
> Ignorant of the polemic which already was raging in and out of Spain, the good doctor openly admitted what for him was a simple fact.
>
> "Well, you already know, *mi general*, the planes . . .
>
> To hear that and turn into someone else was simultaneous. Mola yelled:
>
> "It's a lie! We have aerial photos which prove that it was burned. What is more, there was bad weather that day; the planes could not fly. Finally, I'm in charge here, and I never gave the order to bomb Guernica."
>
> Urtiaga, who could hardly have expected such a reaction, much less guess the reason for it, turned pale. Mola, looking at him with disgust, added:
>
> "These Reds all talk the same. Send him to the Vitoria jail. Right away" [pp. 115-116].

Despite some mythological trappings, the commonly accepted story is essentially true: German planes flew over Guernica and did to it what they later did to Rotterdam, and what still later would be done to Hamburg and Dresden.

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It was only when he inspected Guernica himself, shortly afterward, that General Mola was convinced of his error. A similar story about General Cabanellas was told to Talón by another pro-Nationalist witness, Félix Elzo. Cabanellas encountered Elzo shortly after he arrived in Guernica.

> "We did it, *mi general.*"
>
> "We? What nonsense! Why would we bomb Guernica when it was practically in our hands?"
>
> "I don't know, but I guarantee that they were our planes. I know them."
>
> "Impossible! Anyway, they might have been Red planes camouflaged with our colors!"
>
> Félix stubbornly insisted:
>
> "No, the Reds don't have those models."
>
> Cabanellas became thoughtful and looked at the youth from head to toe:
>
> "What you are saying is very serious. Can you prove it?"
>
> "Yes, *mi general.*"
>
> Félix Elzo, whom I had accompanied to a pine grove at the foot of Ajanguiz, told me:
>
> "There was an unexploded bomb over here. When the general saw it, he could not conceal his surprise. He had it removed and ordered the staff to collect all the information possible, to be sent to Burgos in a sealed envelope."
>
> Then he added:
>
> "What is more, let it be stated that no one troubles me for having dared to speak of the bombing, an offense which at that time could even be paid for with one's life" [pp. 117-118].

Talón's book is not an anti-Franco tract—such works are not openly published and distributed in contemporary Spain. In addition to exposing the myth that the town had been destroyed by the Reds, he also was concerned about exposing what he considered to be other myths about the bombing. Twenty-four pages of his book are given over to a sharp, but apparently valid, attack on George L. Steer, the anti-Franco and pro-Basque correspondent of the (London) *Times*. It is his opinion that Steer's embroidery of the facts did much to overdramatize the incident.

Guernica was a militarily important point thoroughly involved in the war. It contained armament factories and a strategically placed bridge, which—contrary to what one might surmise from Professor Hart's article—were not damaged by the bombing which destroyed the town. The townspeople knew that they were in the line of Mola's advancing forces. They feared the worst, including attack by air, for which they had made preparations. Other Basque towns had been bombed before; and, it has been suggested, had Picasso called his painting Durango, that no less unfortunate place would now be remembered and the destruction of Guernica forgotten.

(*Lawrence Nevins, a teacher, has an MA from New York University in Latin American studies and is a frequent visitor to Spain and Portugal. He has written for several scholarly periodicals.*)

Guernica was a militarily important point thoroughly involved in the war. It contained armament factories and a strategically placed bridge.

III. HOARY REPUBLICAN MYTH

BRIAN CROZIER

SIR: I was surprised that your note on Picasso (*Economist*, April 14th) trotted out the hoary Republican myth about the destruction of Guernica by "bombers serving General Franco." The full truth about Guernica may never be known, but the evidence is overwhelming that the Nazis, who committed many atrocities, did not commit this (alleged) one. Some of this evidence was mentioned in my book on Franco (1967), but more has since come my way.

There seems to have been some German bombing, which caused light casualties. The captured German documents (not, of course, intended for publication) recorded surprise and indignation at the charges (Documents on German Foreign Policy, 1918-1945, Series D, Volume III, London HMSO, 1951; Nos. 249 and 251). Nationalist field dispatches (again not intended for publication) on April 29, 1937—three days after the alleged destruction of the town from the air—reported that the town had been found to be "burnt by the Reds before being abandoned." The late Luis Bolín quotes these documents in his *Spain: The Vital Years* (1967), and I have read them myself.

When my *Franco* was published, some witnesses came forward. Wing-Commander Sir Archibald James kindly recorded a statement for me, and later signed the transcript. He went over the ground carefully, and as an airman, a few days after the fall of Guernica and found that it had been systematically burnt to the ground, except for the quadrangle containing the town hall, cathedral, and the Basques' "Tree of Guernica," which was intact. He did find half a dozen small bomb craters within a hundred yards of the perimeter. The point is that in the state of bombing technology of 1937 (and even of 1973), it would have been impossible for bombers to have destroyed exactly three-quarters of the town and left the important—that is, the official—quarter untouched.

I visited Guernica recently to see for myself, and satisfied myself that the destruction could not be imputed to the Nazis. Your writer might find it interesting to do the same.

(*Mr. Brian Crozier is a leading British historian. The letter from which the above excerpt is taken appeared in the May 5, 1973 issue of* The Economist.)

IV. REVISIONIST APPROACHES

ALFRED MAURICE DE ZAYAS

Guernica is a word of art. It means terror-bombing of a civilian population. Though many disagree, the majority of historians accept the view that "the Germans deliberately bombed the town in an attempt to destroy it, [and] observe in a clinical way the effects of such a devastating attack . . ." (Hugh Thomas, *The Spanish Civil War*, p. 421).

Perhaps recent historical scholarship will lead to redefining the word. The dissenters have not been very vocal, but as long as the question remains disputed, revisionism may provide the definitive painting, Picasso's notwithstanding. *De la discussion jaillit la lumière.*

What do the revisionists say? There are two theories:

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1) the Germans did not bomb Guernica at all and the town was systematically destroyed by the *Rojos**; 2) either the Germans or the Italians (or both) bombed military objectives in the town and subsequently the *Rojos* completed the destruction for propaganda purposes.

The best way of testing these theories would be to study the captured German archives and see the orders of the Legion Condor for April 26, 1937. Unfortunately, most of the records of the Luftwaffe were destroyed during the night of April 14, 1945 as a result of the massive Allied air bombardment of Potsdam, the location of the Military Archives. Some records did survive, including an unpublished history of the Legion Condor, prepared in 1940. This document is kept in the Federal Archives at Freiburg, Germany under Number RL 2/v. 3189. My translation of the relevant lines on page 47 is as follows:

> On April 26 an attack was ordered against the bridge and road intersection east of Guernica. The attack was carried out with nine planes from an altitude of 2,300 meters in individual attacks. Nine bombs weighing 250 kilograms and 114 bombs weighing 50 kilograms—i.e., a total of 7,950 kilograms—were dropped. Observation indicated that the bridge was not hit. Visibility was extremely poor, because of fire and smoke in the town. This bombardment gave rise to the accusation by the enemy press that the Germans were responsible for the destruction of Guernica. There was much propaganda made. According to its orders, however, the Legion Condor had avoided hitting the town. Instead, the destruction was caused by systematic dynamiting and arson carried out by the Reds.

From the foregoing, it is evident that the Germans did attack at least the outskirts of Guernica on the day in question.

In 1937 General Hugo von Sperrle, commander in chief of the Legion Condor, denied that the Germans had bombed Guernica. Other prominent Germans, including General Carl Drum, blamed the Italians for the attack. This version, however, would not clear the Germans of responsibility, since the Italian fliers were under orders of the Legion Condor.

HUGH THOMAS states in his acclaimed and nearly official *Spanish Civil War* (page 421) that "Goering himself admitted in 1946 that Germany had regarded Guernica as a testing ground." The otherwise scholarly Mr. Thomas cites a dubious secondary source to support this allegation, the memoirs of the anti-Franco monarchist Juan Antonio Ansaldo, *Para Que?*, published in Buenos Aires in 1950. Ansaldo, in turn, states that he had been in Guernica shortly after the attack and believed then that the destruction was the work of arson. Subsequently he read about the alleged Goering admission in Nuremberg in 1946. This was in an article that appeared in a French newspaper (no name or date given) that subscribed to the agency CNA. According to my findings, CNA is the official Central News Agency of Taiwan (Chung-yang T'ung-hsün She). This news story is, however, questionable since the 42 volumes of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg contain no mention of such a statement by Goering. On page 281 of Volume IX Goering did say with respect to the Legion Condor in Spain: "I sent a large part of my transport fleet and a number of experimental fighter units, bombers, and anti-aircraft guns; and in that way I had an opportunity to ascertain, under combat conditions, whether the material was equal to the task." However, Goering did not then (March 14, 1946) make any revelations about Guernica. Lastly, it should be noted that the *New York Times* did not report Goering's alleged confession with respect to Guernica.

A commission of German scholars under Hauptmann Dr. Maier is presently investigating the question of Guernica at the Research Bureau for Military History in Freiburg. Its final report will be released at the end of this year. In answer to my inquiry, Dr. Maier confirmed my belief that the alleged Goering statement on Guernica is an unfounded press rumor.

Traditionally, an open town is one that can be entered without opposition, and is accordingly immune from attack. Guernica, however, offered fierce opposition and could hardly be considered open at the time of the German attack.

IN ORDER to formulate my own opinion, I personally interviewed retired German Generals Adolf Galland and Gustav Roedel. Both had been fliers in the Legion Condor but had come to Spain after the events at Guernica. They informed me that a limited attack was carried out against military objectives, but that, owing to weather conditions, poor visibility, and primitive aiming equipment, certain non-military objectives had been hit. However, under no circumstances had the attack been a terror bombardment of the civilian population.

Therefore, although the first revisionist theory has little merit, because the Germans did bomb the town of Guernica on April 26, 1937, the whole story of the destruction has not been told. Guernica as a word of art means much more than that. The myth of Guernica consists of the ill-founded but widespread belief that the Germans cold-bloodedly bombed an open town in order to test their planes.

Indeed, the case of Guernica has aroused so much emotion not because of the consequent loss of life or property, but because, for the first time in history, a defenseless civilian population is reported to have been subjected to terror-bombing from the air.

It appears, however, that the civilian population of Guernica had been anything but defenseless. Luis Bolín quotes in his book, *Spain: The Vital Years*, the following secret field dispatch sent to General Franco's headquarters upon the capture of Guernica on April 29, 1937:

> The enemy offered resistance. Our casualties were eight dead and sixty wounded. Eight Basque battalions and two battalions from Santander defended Guernica. We captured some wounded soldiers and inflicted heavy losses on the enemy, especially in the heights west of the town where large stocks of supplies were seized.

*The "Reds" or *Rojos*: A term of art used by both sides during the Civil War to refer to the Republicans, whether Communist or not.

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It appears that the explosions continued after the air bombardment had ceased and many buildings were deliberately dynamited or set on fire, including the Church of San Juan. . . . Despite the division of opinions, there is persuasive evidence to suggest that the Rojos *did in fact destroy Guernica—as had been done previously in the nearby towns of Irun, Eibar, Durango, and Amorebieta. The practice of "scorched earth" by the Republicans is well established in these instances.*

Traditionally, an open town was one which could be entered without opposition, and was accordingly immune from attack.* Guernica, however, offered fierce opposition and could hardly be considered an open town at the time of the German attack.

Often confused with the question whether a town is to be considered an "open town" (which depends basically on whether it is defended or not) is the question whether the town has valid military objectives that could justify an attack. Guernica had them. Not only was the town literally full of troops at the time of the attack, it also had a munitions factory, the Talleres de Guernica, producing trench mortars, pistols, incendiary bombs, etc., and a railway station engaged in the transportation of troops and munitions. Even though it is uncertain to what extent the Germans attacked the town of Guernica, it is evident that an attack would have been justified—at least with respect to the bridge, the arms factory, and the railway station.

With respect to the number of civilian casualties, it should be noted that on April 26, the day of the air bombardment, the Basque government is reported to have ordered a partial evacuation of the town. The result, some claim, was that the market was not held as usual and relatively few civilians were in the town at the time of the bombardment. Those who were in the town went into shelters, and therefore the death toll is reported to have been low. The lowest estimate is based on the report of a Spanish government commission (Franco's commission), which reached the conclusion that fewer than one hundred civilians perished, out of a population of approximately six thousand. The original news story by correspondent George L. Steer to the *New York Times*, dated April 28, 1937, estimates the deaths due to the bombing were "in the hundreds." A statement by distinguished Americans denouncing the bombing of Guernica stated that the death toll "exceeds eight hundred persons." The *New York Herald Tribune* also quoted the figure of eight hundred victims. Hugh Thomas, however, states that "1,654 people were killed and 899 wounded." This is the highest figure I have found anywhere, including recent East European newspapers reacting to the NATIONAL REVIEW article of January 5, 1973, "The Great Guernica Fraud," as republished by the German daily *Die Welt.**

In order to make up my own mind about the events in Guernica, I decided that a trip there and interviews with the townsfolk would be worthwhile. In March 1972, I visited this historic city of the Basques. Admittedly, I speak no Basque, which is still heard on the streets of Guernica, but I established an easy rapport in Spanish with numerous people, including hotel personnel, in the restaurants, in the streets, in the fields, at the Casa de Juntas, and even in the churches. The result can best be summed up in Terence's statement: *Quot homines tot sententiae* (as many opinions as men). I found the townsfolk cordial and communicative; they told me that there had been an air attack in the afternoon of April 26. They did not know the nationality of the planes, since most of them were either out of town or in the shelters. Some stated that the planes were German, others insisted they were Italian, and others still suggested that they were *Rojos*. The more significant revelations concerned the happenings between late afternoon April 26 when the planes departed, and 11 A.M. of April 29, when the troops of the Fourth Navarre Brigade (Nationalist) marched in. It appears that the explosions continued after the air bombardment had ceased and many buildings were deliberately and systematically dynamited or set on fire with petrol, including the Church of San Juan.

I did not, however, conduct a representative poll to determine whether the majority of the population sustained this opinion. In fact, a priest who had fought with the Basques at the time, Don José Luis Abaunza, told me that he did not believe that the Basques had burned their own town. With respect to the number of casualties he candidly told me "*ni tantos ni tan pocos*" which means "neither so many nor so few" and expressed the belief that approximately two hundred persons perished. A majority of the people whom I questioned on this topic confirmed the estimate of Father José Luis, which seems to me to be closer to the truth than any figure heretofore quoted.

With respect to the theory that Basque or Asturian *dinamiteros* destroyed Guernica after the planes left, another priest, now deceased, Padre Eusebio de Arronategi, also denied that the Basque militia had set fire to Guernica. On the other hand, Monsignor Gustavo J. Franceschi, who came to Guernica shortly after the attack, wrote in a 1937 article:

> The destruction that I have seen in the past month in

*The Brussels Conference of 1874 laid down the rule that "open towns" which were "not defended" must not be attacked or bombarded. Article 25 of the Hague Regulations of 1907 abandoned the phrase "open town" but prohibited "the attack or bombardment by any means whatever of towns, villages, habitations, or dwellings, which are not defended." Admittedly, the Hague Regulations were drafted before World War I and before bombardment from the air became a fearful reality. Yet, the phrase "by any means whatever" can be interpreted as applying to bombing from the air.

When the Air Warfare Rules were drawn up in 1923 the criterion of undefended towns was abandoned altogether and that of military objectives was substituted.

See Note, "Open Towns," 22 British Yearbook of International Law, pp. 258-264 (1945).

*Die Welt, January 11, 1973, *Der Spiegel*, Nr. 5, 1973, *Die Zeit*, Nr. 5, 1973, *Zycie Warszawy*, Nr. 46, February 23, 1973.

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> Spain has taught me the distinction between the destruction caused by airplanes, artillery, and fire. In Guernica there was deliberate arson (carried out by the Basques), as I can demonstrate with the pictures that I myself took there . . . but neither my testimony nor that of many others will prevent the propagation of lies [de Zayas' translation].

Despite the division of opinion, there is persuasive evidence supporting the thesis that the *Rojos* did in fact destroy the town of Guernica—as had been done previously in the nearby towns of Irun, Eibar, Durango, and Amorebieta. The practice of "scorched earth" by the *Rojos* is well established in these instances.

THE MOST convincing evidence for the destruction of Guernica by Basque or Asturian *dinamiteros* is found in the contemporary military dispatches and diplomatic communications about Guernica. These documents were secret and in no way meant for publication. Moreover, there is no apparent reason why these official documents should have disguised or altered the truth.

Luis Bolín quotes in Appendix III to his book, *Spain: The Vital Years*, a number of these documents (pp. 355-360). A dispatch from the Sixth Army Corps dated April 28, 1937 says in part:

> Our troops have continued their advance and reached a line that extends from Navarriz-Uarca, two kilometers east of Guernica, to the town of Durango, which has been occupied after overcoming strong resistance. The enemy was supported by Russian tanks. A thick mist from the mountains blotted out visibility and prevented us from reaching Guernica. Our men were eager to enter the town. They already knew that the enemy had evacuated Guernica after criminally destroying it and was blaming our planes for its destruction, but Guernica itself is free of bomb-craters . . .

A dispatch from the Fourth Navarre Brigade, the unit which actually took Guernica, says in part:

> Numerous peasants and whole families returned to Guernica after learning that it had been liberated, and moving scenes were enacted as they witnessed the destruction and looting wrought in their homes.

Another dispatch, dated April 29, says in part:

> HQ, Fourth Brigade. Destruction at Guernica is greater than at Eibar—a city 26 miles east of Guernica, also burnt by the Reds before being abandoned.

None of the dispatches quoted above was written for the public and their contents reflect what was observed on the ground. It is significant to note that the Guernica Tree and adjoining structures, including the Casa de Juntas, had been spared destruction. It is indeed probable that these structures would have been destroyed had the Germans bombarded the town as ruthlessly as has been claimed and is generally believed.

At this point I should like to return to the Commission Report mentioned earlier. In the summer of 1937, two magistrates and two qualified engineers examined the evidence in Guernica and heard the deposition of 25 witnesses. The Commission came to the following conclusions:

1. The destruction of Guernica was caused by fire.
2. The number of victims in Guernica on April 26 did not reach one hundred.
3. No damage was caused to the Tree of Guernica, the Parliament House, the convents converted into military barracks, or to the arms and munitions factories.
4. At four o'clock on the afternoon of April 26 the few inhabitants who remained in Guernica observed the appearance of certain airplanes. They thereupon took refuge in the shelters and saw nothing of what took place in the town up to half-past seven in the evening, at which hour they ventured forth.
5. For three and a half hours, and throughout the following night, the inhabitants of Guernica listened to heavy explosions which took place within the town.
6. Near the network of highways to the east of Guernica several aerial bombs fell. It appeared that the object of these bombs was to cut the communications.
7. No signs are visible of the explosion of any aerial bombs within the town.
8. The explosions heard within the town by the inhabitants of Guernica were the result of dynamite detonated in the sewers and in other parts of the town, in accordance with the Basque government's prearranged plan.
9. At eight o'clock on the night of April 26, when the townsfolk left the shelters, a certain number of houses in Guernica began to burn. It would have been an easy matter to have put out these fires and to repair the damage caused up to that time. After the above-mentioned hour no airplanes flew over Guernica, nor in its neighborhood, up to the time our soldiers entered. *The destruction of Guernica, therefore, cannot be attributed to German planes.*
10. From this hour onwards (eight o'clock in the evening of April 26) the inhabitants were able to see what was taking place in the town. The Red militiamen not only took no steps to check the conflagration, but they prevented the townsfolk from taking steps to that end. For three successive days these militiamen continued to set fires alight and to help them to spread; and some of this work was continued later, even after our troops had entered Guernica.
11. The fire and the explosions caused the total destruction of 71 per cent of the houses in Guernica; 7 per cent were damaged to a less but nevertheless noteworthy extent, and the remaining 22 per cent were damaged slightly.
12. The destruction of Guernica was the climax of the evacuation order issued by the Basque government for April 26; this order caused the departure from the town of certain inhabitants who had somehow received notice of it, and who feared the manner in which the evacuation might be carried out.
13. Apart from the complex political factors involved and its use as worldwide propaganda, the burning of Guernica

It is fairly well established that the Germans bombed at least the outskirts of Guernica; it is also clear that Guernica was not an open town at the time; the evidence of deliberate destruction by Basque dinamiteros *is persuasive.*

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is similar in its cause and effect to that of Irun, Eibar, and Potes.

14. The campaign of political propaganda of which Guernica has been made the subject has no basis in fact, but is a clever blend of unrelated happenings which in no way approximate to reality.

Every reader should of course take these conclusions *cum grano salis*, since they are partisan. But it would be unscholarly to reject them out of hand and, worse still, as has been frequently done, to fail to mention the Commission Report in a serious discussion of Guernica.

It is to be hoped that recent articles on Guernica will stimulate interest in the historical dispute and that more thought will be given to the sober distinction between historical fact and war propaganda. Matthew Arnold once said: "On the breast of that huge Mississippi of falsehood called history, a foam-bell more or less is no consequence." I do not think that is necessarily so. The Iron Chancellor Otto von Bismarck used to say, "People never lie as much as before elections, during war, and after the hunt." That is a reasonably accurate statement, and I might add that I fully expect the press to disseminate useful lies during wartime, but that I also expect historians afterward to discern between facts and useful lies and to record the facts for posterity and not the proverbial Mississippi of falsehood. Abraham Lincoln again provides us with an admirable maxim: "History is not history unless it is the truth."

ON BALANCE it appears that the second revisionist theory has substantial merit: It is fairly well established that the Germans bombed at least the outskirts of Guernica on April 26, 1937; it is also clear that the town of Guernica was not an open town at the time of the attack; the evidence for a deliberate destruction of the town by Basque *dinamiteros* (or more probably by Asturian miners) is persuasive; a death-toll in excess of two hundred has not been established on reliable evidence. Out of these facts, admittedly not disposing of the question, emerges a substantially different picture of the destruction of Guernica.

At the heart of the Guernica myth was the allegation, never satisfactorily proved by any historian to date, that the Germans cynically bombed a defenseless civilian population in order to test their planes. That story made excellent reading at the time and was effectively used as war propaganda. However, 36 years after the destruction of Guernica, the reader of history is entitled to an explanation devoid of propaganda and myth.

Perhaps the current research of a Commission of German scholars under Hauptmann Dr. Maier at the *Militärgeschichtliches Forschungsamt* in Freiburg will add some light to the dispute. But only the discovery of the actual orders of the Legion Condor or new and more precise evidence can help resolve the controversy. A rehash of old evidence and conflicting witness testimony will not add to historical scholarship.

It is, however, reasonable to expect that Guernica as a word of art will have to be redefined.

(Mr. de Zayas is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, Class of 1970 and was a Fulbright Graduate Fellow in Germany 1971-72. He is presently an associate lawyer with a leading New York law firm.)

COMMENT: JEFFREY HART

1. On Williamson Murray. I was especially entertained by the logic of the concluding sentence of his second paragraph. But note also his attitude toward documentation. The statement by Heye is not that of an eyewitness. It does not tell us on what evidence he bases his remarks about the German "air attack on Guernica." For all we or Mr. Murray knows this remark may have been based on hearsay, second or third hand, or upon press reports, or upon mere supposition. Nor does Heye, even if we take his statement at face value, go into the question of whether the "air attack on Guernica" was directed against legitimate targets or was an instance of terror bombing—and this, after all, is the point at issue. Indeed, carefully read, his statement seems essentially to be questioning the value of attacks on targets of "little [but not no] military importance" in the course of which "far too many women and children" are killed. It is hard to see why Murray, who seems to be claiming status as a historian, regards this document as "conclusive."

Mr. Murray's handling of his second document is even more extraordinary. This document actually works against, not for, the claim that Guernica was terror-bombed by the Germans ("The destruction of the bridge was the primary objective of the whole day's operation"). It offers the view that some Italian bombs fell in the town through error. It thus tends to support my view, not Mr. Murray's.

In short, neither document supports the rather excited assertions with which Mr. Murray surrounds them. He seems entirely ignorant of the nature of evidence. His handling of these documents, indeed, would destroy his reputation as a serious historian, if he had one.

2. On Lawrence Nevins. These anecdotes, though colorful enough, prove very little. We have no way of estimating their reliability. For the historian, the testimony of alleged eyewitnesses, especially thirty years after the event in question, is a tricky business. I have no doubt that many people could be produced today who would claim that they saw the Hindenburg burn, when they did not, and that far more citizens of Dallas would claim that they were in the crowd and saw Kennedy assassinated than in fact were physically present. Frequently, these pseudo-recollections are sincere, vivid, and temporarily persuasive. And even genuine eyewitnesses often differ widely on what it was they "saw." The historian must weigh such evidence as in a court of law, requiring careful corroboration, paying attention to small details. Physical evidence, including documentation—like legal "exhibits"—seems to me to possess great weight. For this reason, the field reports cited by de Zayas and Bolín—especially since they were not intended for publication—seem to me important, as do de Zayas' other documents. Brian Crozier's evidence is welcome and useful.

3. My tentative conclusion remains (though the reader must reach his own on the basis of the evidence): The Germans and Italians did bomb the military targets. Some bombs may have fallen on the town. However, on balance, the evidence seems to me to indicate that the defenders destroyed the town, as, everyone agrees, they had destroyed many others. At that point, the propagandists fabricated the Guernica Myth.

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REVERSAL OF TREND

Pornography, Community, Law

GARY NORTH

GIVEN THE LIMITS imposed on society by the existence of imperfect human beings, social utopias of total perfection or total permissiveness (sometimes asserted to be one and the same) are an invitation to disaster. On June 21, 1973 the United States Supreme Court took an important step. In a 5 to 4 decision it turned away from the 1966 *Fanny Hill* verdict in which the Court had declared that a book would have to be "utterly without redeeming social value" in order to be legally banned. The June 21 decision returned to the standard of the 1957 *Roth* case: The taste of the average man in a particular community determines acceptability. As Chief Justice Burger put it: "It is neither realistic nor constitutionally sound to read the First Amendment as requiring that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depiction of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas or New York City."

The Court has now admitted explicitly what had been implied by its post-*Roth* decisions: There are no national standards of pornography. But instead of continuing the tradition of permissiveness ("therefore, we may not ban anything"), the Court took a significant turn ("therefore, varying local standards may be used as the foundation of censorship"). The decision was, as usual, paper-thin; it remains to be seen whether it will stand the test of time.

It should take very little thought to conclude that the issue of censorship by the civil government(s) is central to a free society. Seemingly, the question of free speech and open publication in a republican form of government is far more important than the suppression of sleazy movies and erotic paperback books. For the state to be granted the right to enforce penalties against the publication of even the most extreme forms of pornographic literature, it is incumbent upon the defenders of censorship to prove that such publications constitute a greater threat to the community than the creation of a mechanism of censorship poses. For this kind of analysis, the following questions are inescapable. What is the social function of both pornography and censorship? What are the legal issues involved? What should be the locus of enforcement? What are the consequences of unrestricted pornography?

One workable definition of pornography is the one suggested by the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code: "A thing is obscene if, considered as a whole, its predominant appeal is to prurient interests; i.e., a shameful or morbid interest in sex, nudity, or excretion, and if it goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matter." Another is George Elliott's: "Pornography is the representation of directly or indirectly erotic acts with an intrusive vividness which offends decency without aesthetic justification." Elliott, in his *Harper's* article, "Against Pornography" (March 1965), stresses the importance of aesthetic distance when he argues forcefully that "nothing human is alien to art. The question is only, how close?"

The Supreme Court's standard laid down in the *Roth* decision is about the best that pro-censorship legislators can hope for, given the cultural relativism of the present period: Pornography defined in terms of "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interests." If the Supreme Court had continued, as it had since the *Roth* case, to decide in terms of a nonexistent national standard, then no local community would have been capable of protecting itself.

Opponents of censorship rely heavily on the problem of defining deviant literature in a way consistent with the requirements of legislation. This is certainly a legitimate criticism if the goal is to rewrite the statute books in terms of greater legal precision. But when the critic concludes that because of changing standards no censorship at all can be legitimate, then he has gone far beyond the point of no return. The problem of constant law (and the moral system giving support to any particular law system) within a world of change is a basic philosophical one and holds true in every sphere of civil legislation; it is not confined to the purely cultural aspects of civilization. If the argument against censorship is made in terms of the "abstract *v.* historical flux" dualism, then no law whatsoever is valid. The kind of abstract, eternal, rigid definition of pornography that is supposedly the responsibility of all censors to agree upon before a single piece of legislation is enacted is ludicrous as a political demand and would require a standard of judicial exactness unheard of.

It is not uncommon to see those opposed to all forms of censorship citing the First Amendment as proof of their position, as if the restrictions on Congress were ever intended to apply, a priori, to state and local governments, and as if the framers of the Constitution were not exclusively concerned with *political* speech and publication.

WHAT IS the social function of law? Obviously, it is not to save mankind. The libertarian shibboleth, "laws cannot make men moral; you cannot legislate morality," is a silly half-truth. Are we to conclude that laws are to be totally neutral, abstracted from any system of morality? That dream died in the Terror of the French Revolution. All law is legislated morality; each law will infringe on somebody. Furthermore, law can help restrain the state itself. Law is one of the most important instruments in establishing the limits of conformity on a community, and therefore it is necessary in any system of social order. It should be clear that no piece of legislation can long survive in the face of overwhelming public opinion. But in those often wide zones of public confusion or indifference, law can be used as a means of upgrading community standards. Is this not what the legal reforms of the last five centuries have been aimed at? It is quite possible to legislate external conformity to laws that are based on distinct value systems. If it were not possible, civil society would be impossible.

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There is another aspect to the role of law. The community through the law seeks to define the proper limits of human expression. All societies require concepts of social deviation in order to survive as collective entities. As Kai T. Erikson said in *Wayward Puritans* (Wiley, 1966): "Like a war, a flood, or some other emergency, deviance makes people more alert to the interests they share in common and draws attention to those values which constitute the 'collective conscience' of the community." When Emile Durkheim inquired into the nature of deviation, he discovered a basically conservative role for social legislation. Robert A. Nisbet, one of the more distinguished sociologists writing today, has summarized Durkheim's position in *The Social Bond* (Knopf, 1970):

> Human society cannot exist, Durkheim declared, except on the basis of moral consensus. But there is always the danger that this consensus will become weak and tenuous through the erosion of time. The community will suffer. Hence the importance of those offenses which from time to time remind community members of the importance of the norms that the offenses violated. In the sense of horror or repugnance awakened by the offense itself in the surrounding community lies the possibility of the reaffirming of values that every group or community requires from time to time in the interest of preservation of its moral consensus.

What has all this to do with pornography? If the family were not the central institution in any community we can point to, it would have very little to do with pornography. But the fact remains that there is hardly an issue more fundamental to a community than the regulation of its family structure and sexual behavior. Because of the close link between erotic excitement and sexual attitudes, pornography has been an important part of that behavior defined by Western society as deviant. It only sporadically concerns itself with sexual behavior between married couples, unless a group orgy is the scene of the activity. And because of the familiar escalation effect of constant exposure to pornography, continually more and more deviant behavior must be described by the literature in order to produce erotic arousal in the reader. Thus, defenders of traditional morality are appalled by the implicit statement of faith in all contemporary (and probably past) pornographic literature: Sex is best enjoyed outside the family, outside the bonds of common practice, and in the case of de Sade, outside the realm of physical possibility.

Those who have an interest in preserving Western civilization also have an interest in protecting the family from erosion. The voluminous studies by J. D. Unwin, now unfortunately forgotten by most scholars, followed through on Freud's suggestion in *Civilization and Its Discontents* that social energy might be connected with personal self-restraint sexually. Not wanting to believe his own results, Unwin came step by step to his forthright conclusion. He wrote in 1927: "The whole of human history does not contain a single instance of a group becoming civilized unless it has been absolutely monogamous, nor is there any example of a group retaining its culture after it has adopted less rigorous customs." Anthropologists no doubt would quibble with the all-encompassing nature of his statement, but the data in comparative anthropology that he produced are impressive enough to act as a warning against allowing the monogamous family to be undercut by anything as footling as pornography. The risk is simply too great.

Is THIS a call for total censorship? No; it is a call for the censorship of a subtle form of cultural nihilism. It is not a demand for an end to academic or philosophical controversy about the nature of the good society. It is a demand that the battlefield of ideas be fought in terms of critical inquiry.

While Henry Miller would defend his obscene talents from the charge that he is a pornographer, he is nevertheless a major figure in the war against conventional morality and civilization. *Tropic of Cancer* is a deliberate attempt to convert others, through non-rational argument, to the following world-life view:

> The road to heaven leads through hell, does it not? To earn salvation one has to become inoculated with sin. One has to savor them all, the capital as well as the trivial sins. One has to earn death with all one's appetites, refuse no poison, reject no experience however degrading or sordid ["The Time of the Assassins," 1946].

His goal as an apocalyptic artist of obscenity, he says in an essay, "Obscenity and the Law of Reflection" (1947), is messianic:

> Ultimately, then, he [the artist or poet] stands among his own obscene objurgations like the conqueror midst the ruins of a devastated city. He realizes that the real nature of the obscene resides in the lust to convert. . . . Once this vantage point is reached, how trifling and remote seem the accusations of the moralists! How senseless the debate as to whether the work in question was of high literary merit or not! How absurd the wrangling over the moral or immoral nature of his creation!

Indeed, how very absurd. This is warfare, full-scale intellectual warfare that attempts to escape the regular channels of debate and refutation. It is, in all senses, very dirty pool. To deny the right of a local community to defend itself from this kind of literary propaganda is to invite suicide. It symbolizes the triumph of the nihilists through a novel, the absolute rout of the civilized members of the community by the ideology of radical relativism.

If the political authorities or judicial authorities of a nation deny the right of defense to local communities, especially on an issue as crucial to the average citizen as the integrity of the family, they run the risk of a truly devastating reaction. Deny an electorate the right to censor certain extreme forms of obscene literature, and you may run a far greater risk than the old cliché about the inevitable escalation of censorship. You may run the risk of a total repression in the name of old-fashioned values.

It is quite possible to have censorship of obscene literature and wide freedom to publish anti-establishment newspapers and journals. The ancient Greek tyrants knew that they could not repress both sexual deviance and political criticism; they chose to let pornography flourish. But modern tyrants want all the power: Robespierre, Lenin, Hitler, once they gained power, did what they could to stamp out all forms of deviant behavior, precisely so that they could create regimes that would have been regarded as politically deviant by their far more liberal predecessors. Local censorship over a few dirty bookstores and theaters, in the name of a familiar morality rather than some new brand of perfectionism, is a cheap form of insurance for the preservation of a seriously liberal society. □

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GUIDE FOR VIEWERS

Watergate as Drama

S. L. VARNADO

As THE Watergate hearings continue, I hear more and more jokes comparing them to "soap operas." I think this is eminently unfair. Actually, I would rank them with some of the good middle-brow evening dramas —perhaps with *Hawaii Five-O*, *Mod Squad*, and *Mission Impossible*. (I don't think they are quite up to *Owen Marshall* or *Marcus Welby M.D.*).

Of course, like most television programs, they suffer from overexposure. One gets tired of watching them. Admittedly, it's difficult to fill up four or five hours a day with crisp and original material. This may explain the great number of stereotyped scenes (the bane of all television drama) that we are beginning to get on the hearings. By way of constructive criticism, I offer the following list of "Stereotyped Scenes" that the Committee members might want to consider avoiding in the future.

1. *The Impressive Memory Bit.* This scene has become one of the staples of the show. It generally comes right after some dramatic revelation, and, while it does not forward the action, it helps to characterize the witness and demonstrate his incredible powers of memory.

Q. Mr. Frimple, is it not true that on the afternoon of March 10, 1972, you attended a meeting in the White House with the President and others?

A. So far as my memory serves me, Senator, that is correct.

Q. Could you tell us anything about that meeting?

A. Let me see. As well as I can remember, it was a bitter cold, rainy day. Barometer reading: 29.5. Temperature reading: 42 degrees at noon. Tides at 11 A.M. and 10 P.M. There was a low frontal system moving in from . . .

Q. Do you recall any of the people who attended the meeting?

A. I recall *some* of them, Senator. There was Mr. Huntsheen, Dr. Hiram Prawnslee, Mr. Barney Roberts, Mr. Harry Zintzler, Mrs. McCutcheon, Lt. Commander Sawyer Billingate, Sir Cedrick Wingshattern, Mr. Energumen and his sister, Mr. William "Rusty" Greenspore, Leo Turenski, Captain Richard C. Pritchard, Earnest Lee Beard, the Reverend Roan Dearbody . . .

Q. That should do for a start. Do you remember any of the topics that were discussed at the meeting?

A. Yes, sir. As well as I can remember, we discussed electronic surveillance, existentialism, the writings of Zane Grey, how Senator McGovern would look with a mustache, the television program *I Love Lucy*, the Alaska pipeline . . .

Q. I think that's sufficient, Mr. Frimple.

A. . . . the pocket edition of *The Exorcist*, the Supreme Court decision on pornography, the fact that Mr. Nixon has so little time to practice his piano anymore, how Senator Ervin would look with a mustache, executive clemency for Mr. Brezhnev . . .

Q. I have no further questions.

A. . . . the difficulty of translating from Sanskrit, how Mrs. Nixon would look with a mustache . . .

2. *The Denunciation Scene.* From the standpoint of entertainment value this scene has possibilities. When properly handled, it gives the show class, dignity, and moral tone. But it is degenerating into ritual. There should be no more than one or two a day.

Q. Mr. Frobosher, are you standing up before this Committee and telling us that you knew about the key to the Yale lock in the apartment on Vine Street, and about the briefcase left there overnight with the pork chops in it, and about the broken water pipe in the sink that necessitated the midnight call to the White House from Camp David . . . that you knew all this and yet did not report it to the authorities? Is that what you're saying?

A. That's what I'm saying.

Q. Well, then, Mr. Frobosher, would you please tell this distinguished Committee why you withheld this information?

A. Senator, I thought at the time that I was doing the right thing.

Q. You thought you were doing the right thing! And do you think that murder is the right thing?

A. No, sir, I do not.

Q. No, sir, you do not! And do you think that adultery is the right thing?

A. Definitely not, Senator.

Q. Definitely not! And do you think that pornography, homosexuality, prejudice, the abuse of drugs, envy, nudism, and violence are the right thing?

A. Not in my book, Senator.

Q. Not in your book. (Purses lips; ruminates.) And yet despite all this, you willfully and demoniacally and with a certain studied malevolence persisted in your vicious course of action, concealing this crucial information in a detestable, horrible, rotten, stinking, annoying manner.

A. I guess you might say that.

Q. Don't you think that was ignoble, degenerate, spiteful, sick, unpleasant, sinful, wicked, and bad?

A. Yes, sir, I do.

Q. I have no more questions at this time.

Chairman: The witness is excused, and the Committee would like to thank him for his courteous and straightforward testimony.

3. *The Search for Exact Information.* The information is generally irrelevant. The main point here is the painstaking and methodical way in which both the questioner and the witness go about searching for it. At first they evince a spirit of friendly cooperation, but the minutiae with which they are dealing get them at cross purposes. Then hostility breaks out.

Q. Now, Mr. Quinlever, you have been very cooperative, and there are only a few points that I want to clear up.

A. Glad to help, Senator.

Q. You have testified to a meeting with the President on November 16 at the White House. Is that correct?

A. That is not correct, Senator. The meeting to which you refer was on November 15. On November 16 I was in Hot Springs, Arkansas with my wife.

Q. (Shuffles papers. An aide points out a sentence to him.) Oh, yes. I see it here. All right then, Mr. Quinlever, would you please tell this Committee what you were doing in Hot Springs, Arkansas on November 16 with your wife?

(*Continues on page 961*)

Mr. Varnado is Professor of English at the University of South Alabama.

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YOUNG REPUBLICANS

Hanging Tough

STEPHEN R. MALONEY

DELEGATES to the biennial convention of the Young Republican National Federation gathered at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Atlanta, July 8-13. The young men and women cheered their heroes (Senators Buckley, Brock, and Goldwater, GOP Chairman George Bush), affirmed their faith in the conservative principles that have guided the organization for a decade, and expressed, usually privately, their deep concern about the damaging effects of Watergate on the party's future. Otherwise, the Young Republican affair was rather tame compared to the battles of the past. Ever since the YRs gave their hearts to Barry Goldwater in 1963 their conventions have functioned as something of an Early Warning System for Republicanism.

The 1963 convention marked the takeover of the YRs by the conservative forces of the "Syndicate," led then by Donald E. "Buz" Lukens, now an Ohio state senator. At that convention, as described by F. Clifton White, when the YR national secretary, Carolyn Manchester of Portland, Maine, tried to announce Lukens as the winner, the (liberal) presiding officer pushed her to the floor. Nothing that dramatic happened at the Hyatt Regency.

For one thing, the old liberal coalition, "Gangbusters," has withered away. Both candidates for the presidency, Tom Pappas of Arizona and Richard "Dick" Smith of Florida (who won by a large majority) were conservatives. Smith is proud that the YRs are "to the right of the party generally." Shocking the *Atlanta Constitution*'s correspondent, Smith accused the Left of using Watergate by "trying to connect legitimate surveillance of left-wing groups, the kind who advocate assassination and terrorism, with the foolishness that happened at Watergate."

Even the head of the New England YRs, Warner Carlson of Massachusetts, who voted against the Watergate resolution exculpating President Nixon, disappointed the press by announcing that he and his delegates were "very conservative." "All the liberals in Massachusetts," Mr. Carlson observed, "are in the Democratic Party." A Rhode Island delegate objected to calling Watergate an "aberration"; the press rushed for him. But his point was that the "Democrats have been doing this kind of thing for decades."

The YR platform was impeccably conservative: support for the dismantling of OEO; backing of the Reagan tax-limitation initiative; opposition to the Cambodia bombing halt ("Cambodia is engaged in a life and death struggle with Communist aggressors"); advocacy of private ownership of gold; rejection of amnesty in any form. The YRs capped the report of the resolutions committee by calling for an investigation of the seditious activities of Jane Fonda and former Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

Little wonder that the Ripon Society's Richard L. Cleveland finds the "philosophical positions" of the YRs akin to those of "Genghis Khan." Indulging the death wish so prevalent among the Republican Left, Mr. Cleveland speculates whether it would not be better if the Republican National Committee abolished the YRs. Among the high crimes of the YRs cited by Cleveland are: 1) the supposed anti-black attitudes of one state organization a decade ago; 2) the inclusion of this same organization in what he describes with unintentional humor as "a Fischetti cartoon in the late *New York Herald Tribune*."

The Young Republicans are leading the transformation of the Republican Party into *the* conservative political vehicle. The YRs invite the Buckleys, Bushes, Brocks, and Goldwaters rather than the philosophical fudge merchants of the party because they like their conservative sentiments, and because they respect the commitment and principles that underlie such sentiments.

American conservatism as a vital, growing movement traces back to the Goldwater presidential campaign, where people trained in YR battles played such important roles. The increasing identification of conservatism and Republicanism owes a great deal to the growing prominence in senior party politics of graduates of the "Syndicate." A strong desire to keep this movement from being stalled or stopped led many of this year's delegates to follow George Bush and others in trying to separate the party from Watergate.

The speakers followed suit for the most part. At his press conference Senator Buckley blamed Watergate on "politically ambiguous technocrats." (After attending a thirty-minute Buckley press conference where every question except mine dealt with Watergate, I asked the Senator if he found "an obsession with the subject." He observed with a smile: "Only for the past four months.") Chairman Bush asked for an "end [to] this damaging, dangerous game . . ." In a more somber speech—albeit one interrupted thirty times by applause—Senator Goldwater noted that Watergate had done "great damage" to the party.

THAT "damage" has been done, even Ron Ziegler would admit. Whether the damage is permanent (improbable) or long-lasting (possible) will depend upon how much injury has been done to the spirit of conservative, committed Republicans.

One concerned delegate speculated that our penance for Watergate might be eight years of Ted Kennedy. There was a strong sense at the convention that he might be the nominee in 1976; delegates and speakers attacked him ceaselessly—Ben Blackburn, Republican Congressman from Georgia, called him "the Mark Spitz of Chappaquiddick." Lynette Steine of Atlanta pointed out the difficulty conservatives have in using Chappaquiddick as an issue. The media would not go after Kennedy. "We need more people in the media," she said.

The enthusiasm and political expertise of the YRs in Atlanta indicates that the party is indeed far from sunk. This aging Young Republican was almost ready to agree that he had indeed seen the future and that it showed every sign of working. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

Montessori Is No Fad

MONTESSORI SCHOOLS spring up everywhere in this land. If we get that federal tax credit, more of them will appear. The best recent survey of the Montessori movement is *Montessori Today*, by Mr. R. C. Orem (Capricorn Books, 1972). Mr. Orem describes the Montessori theory and techniques lucidly and appends useful directories and bibliographies.

Aye, Maria Montessori understood the imagination of children and their creative powers. She taught us how to direct that imagination and those powers toward what T. S. Eliot calls "the high dream." Bad schooling for little boys and girls betrays them lifelong to "the low dream."

Allow me an illustrative anecdote. About two years ago, upon the first day of spring, my three little daughters began to gambol: Persephone had waked their imagination and their talents for creation. Like the beasts that perish, little children become intoxicated by the coming of spring. On our first warm and bright morning, my Monica (then aged three), Cecilia (aged two), and Felicia (aged eleven months) could not be kept indoors. Though still in their pajamas, they burst outside and commenced to caper and sing.

Monica, emulated enthusiastically by Cecilia, began piling stones on our back steps. "Stones for breakfast!" she shouted. "We're going to have stones for breakfast tonight!" Not to be outdone in fantasy, Cecilia tried to feed pebbles to Felicia, exclaiming " 'Tones for b'eckfast!" Felicia endeavored to escape from her father's clutch and crawl down to the wan grass.

"Hush!" said Monica. "I hear a bird!" Cecilia spied out a venturesome insect. Only my prompt exertions prevented Felicia from devouring the pebbles in earnest.

As the years pass, too many of the rising generations are given not bread, but a stone. In the spring of life, nearly everything is wondrous. The fortunate are those who, like Maria Montessori, never lose their sense of wonder: who subsist upon the bread of spirit and laugh at the stones of dullness and materialism.

Monica, Cecilia, and Felicia, like all children, some day must put away childish things, and must come to know the ills to which flesh is heir. Yet the resurrection of flesh and spirit is promised to those who become as little children.

Evil, too, is childish—in the sense that the evil person is trapped in the selfishness, the wrath, and the hasty appetites which are childish vices. The evil man is one who never has learnt to order his soul. Yet in learning to restrain and to discipline themselves, little girl-daughters need not lose that love of proliferating life which breaks out in spring. To the end, wonder and joy can be found by those whose senses truly perceive; and to such, after travail, spring returns. Because Maria Montessori knew both how to impart self-discipline and how to rouse the love of life, she succeeded in ordering the souls of many.

Recently a lady author whom I know happened to converse with the editor of the juvenile department of a big New York publishing firm. My friend inquired what sort of books this firm was turning out for children—fantasies, adventure yarns, lively verse? No, nothing like that, the female editor informed her. "We give them books about love, sex, abortion, and subjects like that—things the modern child is interested in."

That mode of publishing seems an efficient way of producing neurotic children and, eventually, neurotic or psychotic adults. For an early obsession with personal and social "problems" of this character does not result in precocious wisdom: It produces, at best, only an abstract precocious world-weariness—which is quite different from wisdom.

The world of the child rightfully is a world of wonder. If that yearning for the wondrous is denied in childhood, that lack will be manifest later in life. At best, that deficiency will produce a dull adult, easily bored; or, worse, it may lead the young adult to seek a substitute for the legitimate realm of fancy —to seek that substitute in the narcotic trance, for instance, or in obsessive sexuality, or in the kind of fanatic political fantasy we call ideology.

Through creation and fantasy, the mind of the child is led to apprehend reality. Allegories, parables, myths, legends, and tales of marvels are not silly: Rather, they enable the little boy or girl to grasp certain truths about the human condition, without the painful and sometimes ruinous direct experience of human error. (Indeed, even the wisest and most experienced of us apprehend ultimate truths only through symbols.) The parables of Hans Christian Andersen, say, are no more false than the parables of Jesus of Nazareth are false.

WOULD IT BE better for small children to be reared on the dreary real-life doings of Dick, Jane, and Spot, in real-life suburbia? Nay, not so: that would only convince them that the realm of literature is a domination of dullness. Or would it be better for them to develop an infantile "social consciousness" expressed in slogan or cliché, long before they are full members of society?

Give direction and discipline and purpose to a child's creative impulses, and the child becomes a genuine human being quite soon: for man is distinguished from brute by his power of orderly creation. Tutor the reason and the sense, and the child will come to serve the divine and the human. But thrust mere abstractions upon the little boy or girl—even if those abstractions are meant to produce the "informed citizen"—and mind and conscience must lie dormant.

Knowing these truths, Maria Montessori skillfully developed means for waking imagination and creative talent that have blossomed for six decades. If every child could be touched by her spirit and her techniques, we would make speedy headway against our present discontents. The Montessori people may have no monopoly of imaginative child-rearing; yet a primary school that denies Montessori altogether will dull wits and frustrate talents. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

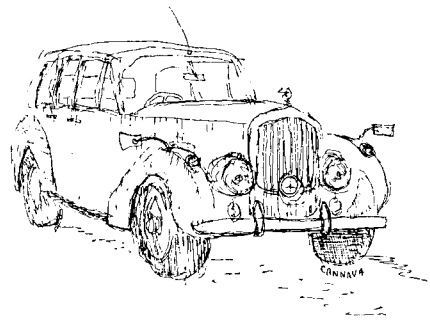
D. KEITH MANO

The Service Station

Knuckles are split open. Cracks in the skin so savage they seem to need stitching. Yet bloodless, cauterized by work. Their handshakes are puffy; calluses rasp you. On walls, on bills, as seasoning on a bolted sausage hero, greasy fingerprints leave a spoor that gives away their presence. At below zero horny flesh works stiff car hoods up, metal so cold it scalds. Brutal damn way to earn a living and they must please, as coy women do: grin their chapped lips, come again some time. Military sounds of a lug tightener; hydraulic, pneumatic flatulences. The highway outside insisting that they wish, wish, wish. Inside, yawned-up hoods say aaah, surgical cloths spread over their fenders. Summertime there is a sweetness to the impregnated concrete, like old drawers packed with strong male sachet. I'm crazy: I love the smell of gas. It's a solvent for my congestions. And I admire them. What they do astonishes both my understanding and my poor dexterity.

The service station has been a two-room school house. Vocations are learned there. I watch one twelve-year-old boy hold a smoking brake shoe. His father teaches: The hand is blackened already, but agile with pleasure. The internal combustion engine has been a way of life. Close acquaintance with it affords dignity, economic freedom and screw the high-school diploma. Automotive mechanics is just about the one manual trade not debased by sneering elitists. Speed, horsepower exhilarate: become love. I kid WFB Jr. when he re-angles a sail on *Cyrano*: Yachts get souped up differently, but they get souped nonetheless. Hot-rod fever of another sort, gracefully wind-silent. And I suppose my paragraphs have their points filed down, ideally blasting mufflerless across the page. Those pillboxes, the triple totems in front, are adjuncts of a secular priesthood: Their filth anoints. And we are losing them.

I HIT MAYBE three dozen stations in my outpatient '66 Oldsmobile. Someone did isometrics on the antenna. Only hard-rock WABC gets through, a signal so powerful you could use it for radiation therapy. I mean to comprehend the fuel shortage: its provenance, its effects. Not possible, the issue is crabbed and protean. They talk. Some tersely: "It's the A-rabs." Some at great length: "How come you stopped taking notes?" But no one believes there is a genuine shortage. No one. They seem to agree that the oil companies are blackmailing for offshore wells, the Alaska pipeline, depletion allowances. They've been put in a squeeze, as the boycotted butchers were. Yet they are sympathetic to a man. We need new oil. You have to understand how a service-station proprietor lives: in day-to-day tough arm-wrestling with the franchisers. They cherish this intramural struggle. They cherish cynicism. Like children with delinquent parents, they alone are allowed to find fault. I am shut up.



Another thing you must understand: The oil industry isn't homogeneous. Each firm has its particular physiognomy. Policies, practices differ. After a while I got the dramatis personae straight, sweet guys and heavies. EXXON dealers were happy; they felt prized, supported—maybe it's the huge investment in new logo signs. Dealers of another concern were nervous and bitter. One corporation has been known to take its service-station managers for a ride, jammed cement-foot-funeral-style in the front seat between two enforcer salesmen. "They want you weak, scared. Dependent on gas. Then they can dictate low prices, hours, self-service islands. They don't like it if you can survive on repairs." I doubt that there is a national conspiracy. It's my impression that the companies are using their "shortage" for very various incidental purposes. Some, I suspect, are using it to put their smallest, least profitable dealerships out of business.

Upstate in New York the shortage has its degrees. Most dealers close at six now and all day Sunday. They like it: time for barbecues with the family, a diffuse vacation. Gas has been allotted, a certain percentage, more or less, of the gallonage they pumped in '72. Some haven't been shorted at all. And others have been broken. My own man, the Rudolf Serkin of motors, had his supply halved. Gas sales represented 40 per cent of gross. You figure it. Now his dozen pumps stand like bits of Stonehenge. He's gone. The same company has closed three other stations in Orange County. It's a convenient way to eliminate troublemakers, marginal dealers. My man had the only local black-owned station . . . well, I don't know.

TIMES change. Promise to pour oil on troubled waters now and the Sierra Club will get out an injunction against you. They all concur: Antipollution devices have intensified gas usage. Environmentalism seems oddly prone to such ironies. And the self-service stations proliferate. Small, cut-rate oil firms introduced them: One man sealed in a bulletproof bunker can run the entire operation. Personal contact sanitized by thick glass. Used to be you'd woo a good repairman as you would a re-

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Keith Mano *writes on Red Chinese drama next. . . .* **Ruth Berenson**, *our longtime art critic, has never been able to afford a Balenciaga. . . .* **Nika Hazelton** *is in Europe this summer working on a book about wine.*

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luctant mistress. But repairs give the dealer too much independence. If gas is 100 per cent of gross the company has a hammerlock. Soon all transmissions, brakes, whatever, will go to the anonymous, specialized chain repair houses. In time competition disappears, unions dominate. Wait for your first coast-to-coast muffler strike, the nation thundering like a red dirt dragstrip.

It's a loss with profound resonances. The service station was our most accessible small business. A general-store fraternity developed in those bare glass rooms with the single candy machine and three balding chairs. People came to talk; it was part of the service. And a unique, intimate relationship grows between a repairman and his customer: Only lawyers, analysts know their clients as well. Class distinctions become less discrete: Even Cadillac owners are taught humility. Now, with the shortened hours, thousands of men have been laid off, inevitably the youngest. In time perhaps an entire generation will be skipped over. Another route from high school to a free-professionalism has been stopped. School is out. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Balenciaga at the Met

One of the most original shows in New York this summer has been at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute, which, in presenting the clothes of the Spanish designer Cristobal Balenciaga, has accomplished the not inconsiderable feat of bridging the gap between art and fashion.

During the 1950s and 1960s it became a critical cliché to deplore the way styles in art were replacing one another "with the capriciousness of fashion," which, since time immemorial, has pursued newness for newness' sake, eternally seeking a gimmick to make last year's wardrobe obsolete. To all but those directly concerned with it, fashion design has always seemed a bit suspect. Seldom have its practitioners received critical attention outside trade publications and women's magazines; typically, it took half a century for the great French dressmaker, Paul Poiret, to be recognized as a pioneer in the development of Art Nouveau. In short, the word fashion, to art critics and intellectuals generally, is a dirty one, applied pejoratively to anything ephemeral, trivial, short-lived. Thus it is something of a surprise to realize that precisely during the Fifties and Sixties, one fashion designer, Balenciaga, was creating a body of work that in terms of originality, flair, and sheer sensuous beauty, could be compared with the best of what was being done in painting and sculpture during the same period.

Two years ago the Costume Institute (part of the Metropolitan since 1946) moved into elaborate new quarters largely paid for by the fashion industry. Understandably, most of its activities are geared to satisfying the needs and interests of American designers; its exhibitions are seldom reviewed by the art critics. The Balenciaga show was, unfortunately, no exception, though predictably the fashion writers devoted much verbiage to the social status of the lenders (Spanish and French nobility, longtime members of the Best-Dressed List) and to wondering what effect, if any, Balenciaga's ten-year-old styles would have on coming collections.

If the past is any indication, the influence will be minimal, for during the years 1938-1968 when his Paris salon was flourishing, Balenciaga's designs were the bane of retailers and wholesalers alike: Even his simplest garments —the so-called "one-seam" coat, for instance—were nearly impossible to duplicate except on a careful line-for-line basis that made the copies as expensive as the original. Moreover, his striking designs had an arbitrariness about them that curtailed their popular appeal, so that his effect on Seventh Avenue was limited to easily assimilable details like the shape of a collar, the length of a skirt, or to crude approximations of the sequins, passementeries, laces, and embroideries he so loved. His dresses, coats, suits, wraps—original works of art—were accessible only to the happy few. Only the rich, the powerful, the titled had enough money and self-assurance to wear his clothes, and it was these usually mature women who were his patrons. He had little interest in dressing the young nubile girls whose domination of today's styles has led to the demise of haute couture and to the fact that the big-name designers of the 1970s are devoting their talents to the mass market.

The art-minded viewer of this fashion show can discover that Balenciaga's talent was that of a sculptor using fabric as his medium. It would be interesting to learn what Claes Oldenburg, inventor of cut-and-sew "soft-ware" sculpture, would make of it. Probably he would dismiss the intricate cutting, the manipulation of drapery, the complicated tuckings, ruchings, and seams as mere technical virtuosity—yet one can be sure that neither Oldenburg nor, for that matter, any of today's big fashion names can approach Balenciaga's artistry. With his scissors he created a variety of shapes, full of fantasy, which turned his clients into new, exotic beings. Often these shapes were abstract, as in the precise geometry of a wedding dress in stiff white silk that transformed the bride into the pure uncomplicated form of a truncated cone; her attendant, in a dress suggested by Japanese Kabuki prints, subtly echoed the same silhouette. Here as elsewhere Balenciaga ignored the woman's figure, as the inventors of hoop skirts and crinolines had done in earlier centuries. Unlike them, however, his shapes, no matter how seemingly arbitrary, were invariably conceived in relation to the wearer's movement in space; as she walked, turned, bent, the forms changed and renewed themselves.

In line, color, choice of fabric, his inventiveness was inexhaustible. He was influenced not only by contemporary art but by that of the past: Spanish motifs and colors—blacks, reds, the earthy shades of Zurbarán—were especially dear to him, and he loved boleros as richly ornamented as a matador's. But he could also draw inspiration from nature—a flower, a bird in flight—and could derive the shape of a skirt from a Zouave's pantaloons or, as one re-

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members without nostalgia, a sack of flour. When he came out of retirement in 1972, the year of his death, to design the dress for the wedding of Generalissimo Franco's granddaughter to Don Alfonso de Borbón, he made the young girl into a medieval princess, her white satin robe laced with cords of pearls and diamonds, a single great pear-shaped diamond at her throat.

Balenciaga was probably the last great artist of fashion. Today, anyone attempting to carry on his tradition would be faced with the impossibility of finding craftsmen with the skill of those who made and embroidered his garments. In a drip-dry world, the silks and satins, the chiffons, the velvets, the hand-drawn laces and ostrich feathers he used have become as obsolete as the chastity belt. But Balenciaga was an artist beyond time—and the sandaled, blue-jeaned young who thronged the exhibition found that he was someone to marvel at. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Bordeaux

The surprising thing about Bordeaux is that, in spite of its world-famous wines, nobody seems to pay much attention to it as a city. Yet it is one of France's most beautiful towns, the perfect city to walk around in. Any other town of Bordeaux' artistic stature would be overrun with tourists.

I spend every free moment walking through the old part of the town. I like the medieval part with its great flamboyant Gothic churches and narrow, winding, cobbled streets flanked by ancient tenements. But for me the chief glory of Bordeaux is its eighteenth-century section, built when the town became rich from its trade with the West Indies. Wealth led to the creation of wide boulevards, large squares, and marvelous buildings like the great theater built by Victor Louis (who built much of Paris), the Stock Exchange, and above all, the big and small private mansions that line the streets.

Some buildings have been cleaned up, as in Paris, so that their golden stone shines and you can see the glory of eighteenth-century architecture. What is extraordinary is that streets and streets of these lovely houses with their wrought-iron balconies, gates, and grilles follow each other without the interruption of modern buildings; that the unity of the squares is preserved intact. The spaciousness of it all is really overwhelming, even in this age when the streets are choked with cars.

People more expert than I have told me that only Bath in England is as complete an eighteenth-century city as Bordeaux. In other words, in Bordeaux you find architecture en masse that Paris now can offer you only in scattered bits. The modern skyscrapers of Bordeaux are outside the town so that the skyline is not spoiled.

Of course wine is the reason for most, though not all, of this. The noble quais along the Garonne River, from which, before modern transportation, the wine used to float overseas, are the mostly eighteenth-century mansions of the shippers, who lived in elegant paneled rooms above their cellars. The wine trade is very different now, and so is Bordeaux wine. Bordeaux used to have to age a very long time, because of its high tannin content from the long fermentation of the juice with the skins, pips, and stems of the grapes: It takes time to smooth down the harshness of the tannin. But aging wine for ten years and often much more puts a heavy strain on the financial resources of the producers and merchants as well as on their storage facilities: We are now in the day of rapid turnover. Today wines are allowed to ferment with skins, pips, and stems for four or five days against their former stay of four and even six weeks, thus reducing the tannin content considerably. Also, other winemaking methods have been improved and speeded up so that now most Bordeaux wine is ready to drink three to six years after its vintage. The experts claim there is no great difference in the flavor, but, when pressed, they will admit that the older wines achieved more greatness.

Bordeaux wines are flourishing, thanks to the overwhelming demand for what I, along with greater connoisseurs than I, think of as the noblest of French wines. It is true that Bordeaux wines are not as easy to drink as the fuller, rounder Burgundies or Hermitages, but once you have acquired a taste for that elegant final hint of astringency on the palate you can never let go. Happiness is indeed a *chai*, a ground-level storehouse of Bordeaux maturing nobly in their casks or bottles, as I saw so many times when I was at the chateaux connected with Dourthe Frères, the shippers I was visiting.

In Bordeaux, the wine aristocracy is composed not only of the owners of the great chateaux (or the majority shareholders of the syndicates that own so many of them), but also of the *négociants*, the wine merchants. There are many old, famous firms, some of them very set in their ways, and there are also younger (if you call 130 years of life young) firms like Dourthe Frères.

LIKE MOST of the Bordeaux wine trade, Dourthe Frères are concerned about the skyrocketing prices of Bordeaux wines, feeling that they are pricing themselves into the luxury category. Since the great chateaux in the major classifications today fetch prices that are out of this world, shrewd and progressive shippers like Dourthe Frères now look to the smaller chateaux, taking them under their protection and offering them technical and other guidance to improve the quality of their wines.

I tasted the wines of a great many of these smaller chateaux and found them good and even excellent. But about this more later, when I will describe some charming smaller chateaux I visited. Some are real castles; but many are manor houses or country-squire houses or even farms—for in Bordeaux, the word chateau means property. It has to be a real piece of land with a building, but the kind of building is up to the owner.

These owners make their own wine and are close to it, not absentee landlords who leave matters in the hands of their administrators and technical personnel. I had some unforgettable meals in two of the smaller chateaux, in old houses with lovely old things and all the douceur we think of as France in the old days. □

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BOOKS

A Duel between Blind Men

The Making of the President 1972
By Theodore H. White
Atheneum, 391 pp., $10

ROBERT D. NOVAK

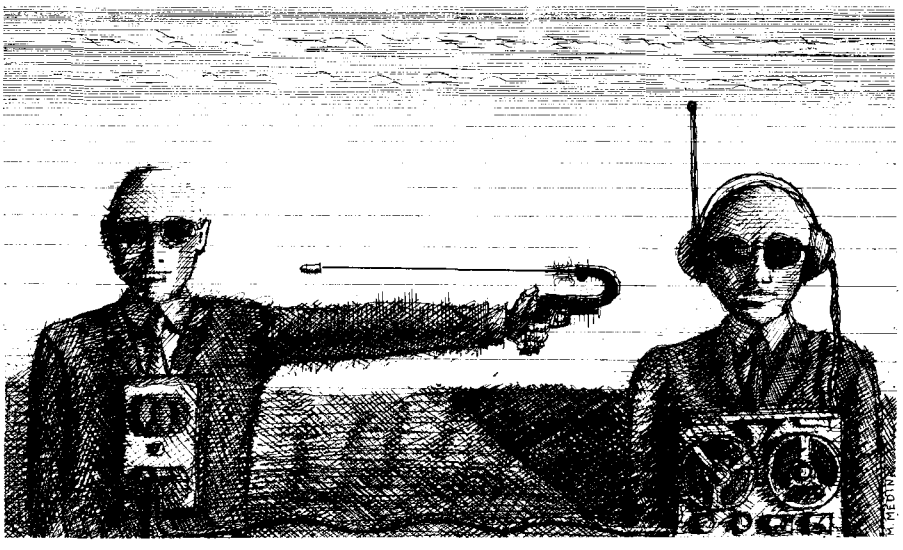
The fourth in Theodore White's *Making of the President* series, while falling short of its predecessors as a dramatic narrative and as a showcase for revelations, is his most masterly analysis of the political scene. He is simply devastating in his calmly documented autopsy of the McGovern campaign—its ideological base, its built-in certainty of defeat, its absolutely unbelievable candidate. Caught short by the Watergate scandal breaking open this spring, Mr. White has recovered with skill and wisdom to interpret the affair in terms of the style and the very nature of Richard M. Nixon's Presidency.

Mr. White has come a long way since the first book in this series, *The Making of the President 1960*, an idyllic and adoring account of how John F. Kennedy became President ("written in a romantic style," the author now says), which won the Pulitzer Prize following extravagant praise from the liberal political community. As his books have grown in sophistication and balance, they have been devalued by liberal critics. *Making 1968*, in particular, distressed Mr. White's former admirers for its condemnation of the New Left. Nor will they care for his present refusal either to gloss over the absurdities of the McGovern campaign or to condemn President Nixon as an unrelieved villain.

Indeed, amid the wreckage of Watergate, this analysis by a distinguished journalist of impeccable credentials performs a particularly valuable function. At a time when many liberals are claiming Senator George McGovern might have been elected had the public only known the full truth of Watergate, Mr. White puts the 1972 election in perspective. What was known about Watergate, he writes, probably kept Nixon from an electoral "record that might never again be approached in American two-party history." But even if the full story had been known, he adds, McGovern would have been beaten easily. His point is that McGovern and his campaign were so alien to the American people last autumn that no mortal force could have prevented Nixon's re-election.

AT THE same time, Mr. White might well be thankful that the scandal broke when it did, forcing him to scramble, writing a new chapter on Watergate plus many inserts, and delaying the publication date. At the price of untypical disorganization and uneven narrative flow, Mr. White is forced by Watergate to come to grips with the slimy side of the Nixon White House and point to the imperfect alternative chosen by the American people in the unhappy politics of 1972.

THAT Mr. White regards the Nixon alternative as preferable even now is evident. As a self-described liberal, he mourns that "the beautiful Liberal Idea of the previous half-century had grown old and hardened into a Liberal Theology which terrified millions of its old clients." By 1970, this Liberal Theology had ordained that "men of morality must take over the [Democratic] party." From that flowed the quota system for Democratic Convention delegates, forced school busing, and the McGovern movement—all devoted to forcing down the throats of the people the use of government as an instrument of morality. "The majority wished to pursue those ideas no further now," he con-



Robert D. Novak *is a syndicated columnist. . . .* **Rene Kuhn Bryant** *also reviews books for the* Boston Globe. . . . **Henry Hazlitt**'*s latest book is* The Conquest of Poverty. . . . **Alexander Theroux** *teaches at Longwood College in Farmville, Virginia. . . .* **Willard Barber** *lectures on international relations at the University of Maryland.*

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cludes, adding that the voters "preferred to live their own lives privately—unplagued by moralities, or war, or riots, or violence."

While confessing a romantic attraction for the McGovern movement (comparing its "fraternal good will" to the Chinese Communists he had met "in the caves of Yenan" a generation ago), Mr. White recognizes the political poison in the cultural shock of Miami Beach. "The convention gave the sense of movement rushing through and beyond the political and cultural limits all politicians up to now had accepted."

AND FINALLY there was George Stanley McGovern. No conservative hatchet man could eviscerate him so thoroughly as Teddy White. Describing McGovern as a "fundamentally decent man," he describes a candidate unable to lead, make decisions, or tell the truth. The verbatim account of a leaderless McGovern staff conference during the California primary campaign is a classic, detailing ignorance and confusion. A small sample:

> McGovern is worried about busing—What's our position on busing? Again—a conflict of figures. Someone says that Walter Mondale has stated that 43 per cent of all American kids are already bused to school; and someone else says no, the figure is 65 per cent. Busing trails off into no answer.

As described by Mr. White, McGovern under pressure simply does not tell the truth—as in the Eagleton affair. "His kindness and gentleness would lead him to say almost anything to any individual in his pursuit of brotherhood and harmony," Mr. White explains. By November, he adds, "men and women I had known for over a year as disciples now despised their own candidate."

Had Watergate not exploded this spring, Mr. White likely would have been content to praise the strategic simplicity and technical skill of the Nixon campaign. Instead, he has deepened his analysis to dwell on the temptation and frustrations of power.

Spurned by the liberal press and the Democratic Congress, Mr. White believes, the President concluded "that whatever he had to do would have to be done all by himself, or by executive fiat." Faced with a hostile outside world, Nixon "abandoned all the old conventions of party politics."

Thus did the President permit his power to be "used and abused, to defile the laws of the country and the political process itself." Beyond that, Mr. White feels "Nixon in 1972 failed to seize the moment to give his cause or his campaign team that horizon of spirit and dream which urges men to deny themselves evil."

The profound failure of leadership has led to a double irony epitomizing the melancholy politics of 1972. Although "history was moving their way," Nixon's men nevertheless tried to speed the course of history "by any means, fair or foul" and so may have "wrecked their own victory." The second irony is the theory now pressed by the diehard McGovernites that in 1972 the people had been "hoodwinked, bamboozled, tricked into a giant mistake" in what actually was one of those rare presidential elections decided clearly on the issues.

Despite the distasteful cast of characters in *Making 1972*, Mr. White regrettably cannot forgo his congenital defect of treating politicians with undue kindness. Gary Hart, McGovern's universally despised and distrusted campaign manager, is praised in rhapsodic terms. Worse yet is Mr. White's handling of John Ehrlichman, whose arrogance and deviousness in the White House were known to all Washington by 1972. But to Mr. White, Ehrlichman was "gentle of spirit" and "always courteous, mild, affable."

I totally reject the argument by some of Mr. White's envious journalist colleagues that such encomiums are in payment for extraordinary privileges granted him—such as sitting in on McGovern staff conferences and long private interviews with President Nixon. Perhaps White does encounter his actors on their artificially best behavior, so that Gary Hart does not seem insecure and conniving and John Ehrlichman does not seem brutally authoritarian.

But these unjustified panegyrics, as well as more serious overestimation of both political camps, stem mainly, I believe, from Mr. White's genuine desire to see the best in the American political system. For that reason, his portrayal of a Democratic candidate blind to the people's wishes and a Republican incumbent blind to the corruption of power is cause for much more gloom than normal journalistic hand-wringing. □

Bucky: A Guided Tour of Buckminster Fuller
By Hugh Kenner
Morrow, 338 pp., $7.95

A HUMANIST LOOKS AT A SYNERGIST

RENE KUHN BRYANT

Buckminster Fuller, like anchovies on ice cream, for instance, is not to everyone's taste. But we can only rejoice that Hugh Kenner has found the workings of Fuller's mind so rewarding that he has been moved to try to systematize the whole of his thought, interpreting it with a clarity and precision that has never marked Fuller's own expositions. Part biography, part intellectual history, part social comment, part philosophical inquiry, *Bucky: A Guided Tour of Buckminster Fuller* is a lively, provocative course of mental calisthenics that repays close reading and is thoroughly enjoyable, whether or not one can share Mr. Kenner's enthusiasm for Mr. Fuller.

Buried in the biographical matter in *Bucky* is the fact that among his close ancestors was the brilliant, quirky, powerfully irritating nineteenth-century philosopher, critic, and feminist, Margaret Fuller. Her great-nephew shares many of her intellectual qualities (for example, an ability effortlessly to summon and synthesize a vast array of learning) and a few of her personal qualities as well (for example, an inability to speak in blocks of fewer than a thousand words); and certainly his lifelong search for a universal coherence, a single Coordinate System, could fairly be termed the natural child of Transcendentalism.

Politics, racism, housing, the space program, the future of the city, and the case for a guaranteed annual income are just some of the public issues Kenner discusses in Fuller's special vocabulary ("synergy," "ephemeralization," "tensegrity") and in the context of Fuller's cosmic overview. That he is able to make Fuller's conceptions not only intelligible but plausible is a demonstration of the quality of Kenner's

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT. Claude Mauriac, de Gaulle's secretary and confidant for three decades, pens an intimate portrait, *The Other De Gaulle* (John Day, $12.95). The same house offers Sacheverell Sitwell's autobiography, *For Want of the Golden City* ($12.95). . . . *Campaign '72: The Managers Speak* is a batch of interviews put together by Ernest R. May and Janet Fraser for Harvard ($7.95).

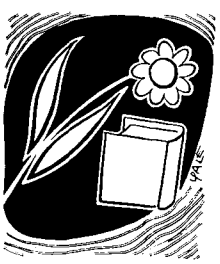
■ BOOKS BY *NR* CONTRIBUTORS. Arlington House due out with several. Richard S. Wheeler offers "some heretical reflections on the Kid Cult" in *The Children of Darkness* (Sept., $7.95). *The Economy Report*'s Donald I. Rogers looks back at World War II on the home front in *Since You Went Away* (Sept., $8.95). Stefan Possony's proposals for a new American strategy, *Waking Up the Giant*, encompass almost eight hundred pages (Nov., $12.95). Antony C. Sutton calls trade with the Communists *National Suicide* (Oct., $8.95). *Gibbon for Moderns: The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire with Lessons for America Today* is edited with commentary by Peter P. Witonski (Jan., $8.95).

■ OCTOBER TITLES. Daniel Callahan follows *Abortion* with *The Quality and Quantity of Human Life* (Macmillan, $6.95). For the same house, Stephen Hess and Milton Kaplan put together a pictorial history of American political cartoons, *The Ungentlemanly Art* ($9.95). . . . John Brooks anatomizes the recent stock market in *The Go-Go Years* (Weybright, $10). . . . Editor John Morton Blum is calling the 1942-46 diary of Henry Wallace *The Price of Vision* (Houghton, $15). The same publisher is bringing out a new edition of *The Hobbit*, the first to include all of Tolkien's full-color illustrations and line drawings ($10). . . . Wyndham Lewis wrote a 1936 novel about British literary lions and lionesses, *The Roaring Queen*, but the publishers shied away for fear of libel. Now Liveright is bringing it out ($10).

■ PAPERBACKS. *NR* contributor Hugh Kenner collects his critical studies in *The Counterfeiters* (Anchor, Dec., $1.95). . . . Arvid Paulson translates an obscure Strindberg novel, *The Natives of Hemso*, for Liveright (Oct., $2.95). . . . Lawyer Jerome I. Meyers has some ideas on how you can *Wipe Out Your Debts & Make a Fresh Start* (Dell, Aug., $3.95). . . . Dana L. Thomas of *Barron's* portrays *The Money Crowd* through the years (Paperback Library, Sept., $1.50). . . . *The Roots of Coincidence* is Arthur Koestler's look at parapsychology (Vintage, Sept., $1.95). . . . Jerry Voorhis settles an old score in *The Strange Case of Richard Milhous Nixon* (Popular Library, Aug., $1.25).

mind, and it is the play of *that* intellect on a subject it finds exciting which gives *Bucky* its special appeal.

A sample of how entertaining is Kenner's way with an idea can be found in his discussion of the effects of Fuller's lack of college or university training. (He twice failed to make the academic grade at Harvard, where four generations of Fullers had preceded him.) "In missing higher education," Kenner writes, "he missed the advantages and liabilities of being initiated into a shared culture. That is perhaps the most that college accomplishes. . . . College also brings classifiability. You are apt to *be* what you have majored in: an engineer, an historian, a linguist. This promotes acceptance. Real impediments attend life outside the authorized box. Is Bucky an architect? No, say the architects, an engineer; no, say the engineers, a mathematician; no, say the mathematicians, but perhaps some kind of poet; no, say the litterateurs, a jargon factory. In any case, listening to him is somebody else's responsibility."



Kenner, plainly, has listened attentively, affectionately, and admiringly for many years. And while his stance on Fuller is generally approving, he has not neglected, nor stinted, the very substantial arguments that can be marshaled against Fuller's universal explanations and utopian proposals. As far as Kenner is concerned, however, the last word is Fuller's—or even the last several hundred thousand.

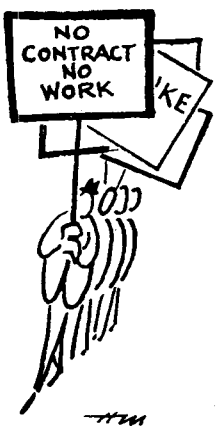
Kenner is an aesthetician, a humanist of the purest water (his earlier books have examined Joyce, Eliot, Pound, and Beckett, among others). And yet the single-minded faith in technology as an instrument of salvation that Fuller epitomizes has never had so eloquent a spokesman as Kenner. Discovering why this is the case is the very least of the pleasures in reading *Bucky*. □

Union Power and the Public Interest
By Emerson P. Schmidt .
Nash, 204 pp., $10

UNIONS AGAINST PROSPERITY

HENRY HAZLITT

In one of the most carefully documented and fact-packed books ever devoted to the subject, Emerson Schmidt analyzes the realities of union power and "collective bargaining," and the tremendously harmful role they have played in obstructing and reducing production, causing unemployment, and instigating inflation. "Trade unionism, as it presently operates in the United States," he concludes, "has made workers as a whole poorer than they would otherwise have been."



Mr. Schmidt begins by defining the union problem. He contends that the central aim of the unions is to take labor out of competition. One of the myths he disposes of is that, especially in an inflation period, wage increases persistently lag behind increases in the cost of living. Between 1960 and 1970, for example, the consumer price index increased by 31 per cent; in the same period, gross average hourly wages in manufacturing increased from $2.26 to $3.36, or 49 per cent.

SCHMIDT IS correct, also, in his analysis of the moot question of the role that union wage demands play in exacerbating inflation. Inflation is always finally a monetary phenomenon: Only an increase in the money supply in relation to the production of goods and services can raise the average level of prices. But if we ask what, in turn, causes the monetary managers to increase the money supply, we find that a main purpose is to avert the unemployment that excessive money-wage increases tend to bring about.

In one of his most powerful chapters, Schmidt concludes that "violence

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and the threat of violence are an integral part of collective bargaining." He proves this with a wealth of detailed evidence. Yet the overwhelming majority of so-called labor experts even today remains blandly oblivious to the intimidation and latent violence inseparable from the strike weapon.

WHAT IS to be done about excessive union power? The main part of the cure has long been obvious to sober students of the problem. It is to repeal practically all of the federal labor legislation passed in the past forty years—the Norris-LaGuardia Act, Davis-Bacon Act, Walsh-Healey Act, Wagner-Taft-Hartley Act, minimum-wage laws—and the mass of state and local legislation that imitates and supports them. We should repeal, in short, all the special immunities, exemptions, and privileges that have been granted to unions and their officials. Locally we should enforce the common or statute law against mass picketing and all forms of union intimidation, harassment, and violence.

Mr. Schmidt, I take it, agrees with all this; but in some respects he would apparently go farther, and draft, for example, "a body of antitrust law appropriate to the labor markets." In view of the arbitrariness, uncertainty, and contradictions in our present antitrust laws as applied to corporations, this proposal must be viewed with misgivings. But whatever differences one may have with some of Schmidt's conclusions, he has written one of the most informative and cogently argued books on the union problem that have appeared in the last decade. □

A Russian Beauty and Other Stories
By Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, 268 pp., $7.95

BERLINER ENSEMBLE

ALEXANDER THEROUX

The 13 short stories in this collection, composed between 1924 and 1940 for Russian emigré periodicals and now translated (by author and son, Dmitri), all rather dolorifically footnote—for here we have, generally, a psychograph of Russian expatriates in the Twenties and Thirties in Germany—a world of very Bad Luck.

It's a Berliner Ensemble. Nabokov's characters are cuckoo-eggs in a foreign nest: Mislaid, displaced, their sad little squawks and memories for the what-might-have-been in Mother Russia, when heard, are ludicrously out of sync with the heft and rumble of an increasingly dark Berlin, which looms before us in a box-set of overheated rooms, desperate fox-trotting, emigré meetings and lectures, moth-eaten plush, *Inflationszeit*, grey walls, smoking to distraction, and frank bullying up and down every street.

Predictably, the theme of nostalgia is strong in these tales. The title story, "A Russian Beauty," typifies the bittersweet mood of the collection. The young, pre-revolutionary heroine, Olga, had everything Tolstoy's Natasha had.

> Her childhood passed festively, securely, and gaily, as was the custom in our country since the days of old. A sunbeam falling on the cover of a *Bibliothèque Rose* volume at the family estate, the classical hoarfrost of the Saint Petersburg public gardens. . . . A supply of memories, such as these, comprised her sole dowry when she left Russia in the spring of 1919.

Nubile there, she remains, transplanted to Berlin, an unclaimed blessing to the age of thirty, sadly driven to mild cynicism and retreat, when, one can't think luckily, a German named Fortsmann appropriates her. And she dies in childbirth. As in so many of these miniatures, Nabokov opts for the ironic, aposiopetic ending that always snaps off quickly like a broken doorknob, leaving one to guess what's inside. But we can imagine, which is, of course, our job.

RUSSIANS, displaced, go to the dogs. We find a plethora of wistful bumblers and self-deceivers, cartoons à la *Ninotchka* which Nabokov does so well, so tragicomically: the writer, Ilya Borisovich Tal, in the story, "Lips to Lips" (the novel over which he's "polishing his phrasing"), snickered at by each and all; the befogged 19-year-old Romantic poet and Oblomovian, Grisha, in "Torpid Smoke," living a dream life and writing "perishable poems"; Konstantin in "A Dashing Fellow," the fat mustachioed ersatz with lilac braces and mahogany-red street shoes who, riding third-class in trains, picks up stray girls with his inflated rhetoric and lies; the deaf widow Mints ("her profile opened like a nutcracker . . .") in "Breaking the News," who, the whole emigré community golf-headedly acting out charades, learns of her son's death so grotesquely; and in the (I think) allegorical "An Affair of Honor," the rouged, be-monocled Anton Petrovich, with his shabby respectability and out-of-date *duello* code, who, in an intentionally un-Pushkinian way, flings his challenge ("One of us must perish!") in the face of his wife's seducer, the Moabit Berg—the latter, even though a Jew, still paradoxically one of the several examples of *der blonden Mannesrechtler*-type we best see in "The Leonardo," where an eccentric painter, poor Romantovski, who sits up all night reading ("old, old tales") and who, after finding glue on his toilet seat and potato flour in his bedclothes, is finally set upon and stabbed by two frog-eyed Berlin brutes, the brothers Gustav and Anton, "gigantic, imperiously reeking of sweat and beer . . . with fecal matter replacing the human brain."

SEVERAL of the stories have non-German settings. "Terra Incognita" is just that: a tiny nightmare, rendered in stark and primary colors, with an unknown land as backdrop for a multiple killing. "The Visit to a Museum" is a Kafkaesque vignette epiphanizing by a single detail the Russia of yesterday from that of today. Finally, "The Potato Elf," with its British setting, is very early and immature Nabokov; this documents, unsentimentally, The Life and Hard Times of a sexually disturbed dwarf (wrinkled face, castrate voice, eight-year-old appearance) and, but for a few memorable things, reminds one of early Carson McCullers. But wait.

I've saved the best for last. In this volume of fascinating, though sporadically uneven, tales is to be found, to my mind, one of the greatest short stories—may I be cavalier?—in the English language. It is called "Ultima Thule." (It has a fine but infinitely less exciting sequel, actually independent of it, entitled "Solus Rex," also included.)

How can one sum up something so majestic, so multiform, so irreducible? Briefly, the narrator Sineusov, a chiaroscuro painter, is backtracking, memory-wise, that he might come to terms with his wife's death; he is so unhinged that he creates, mentally, an imaginary country (he had been illustrating a Scandinavian epic poem, *Ultima Thule*), an escapist vision where he becomes

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king (as K) and his wife queen (as Queen Belinda). This all recalls Nabokov's masterpiece, *Pale Fire*. One of Nabokov's most supreme creations, however, is a character in "Ultima Thule" called Adam Falter: medium, professor, metaphysician, genius, seer. The scene where Falter sees into the heart of Truth and screams paroxysmally for a full 15 minutes is easily one of literature's greatest set-pieces and, alone, is worth $7.95. Read this story.

Vladimir Nabokov's recognizable themes are all here, *in nuce*: the dream, memory, double-identity, fictive countries, parables of art; and they come to us in his consistently breathtaking and magic prose—*styled*, in the parlance of the watch industry—which always reaches out for the sinuosities of thought and those uncannily accurate observations by which we already know and worshipfully respect Nabokov. The stories are all memorable. But "Ultima Thule"? "Most tall hyperboles," as Crashaw said in another context, "cannot descry it." □

After Yalta: America and the Origins of the Cold War
By Lisle A. Rose
Scribners, 216 pp., $7.95

A BALANCED VIEW

WILLARD BARBER

Whether or not we are, in fact, about to embark upon a generation of peace, it is timely to have a retrospective reading of the causes of the cold war. It is a pleasure to have at hand a fresh evaluation by a gifted writer from the rising generation of professional historians. Lisle A. Rose is endowed with more than adequate academic credentials by reason of a doctorate from Berkeley and professorships at the University of Nebraska and Carnegie-Mellon University. (He is now in the Historical Office of the State Department.) His research, particularly in biographical and unpublished sources, is wide and deep, multinational, and productive of new insights.

EVEN MORE, his sense of balance in assessing the role of this country in the creation of the cold war is as refreshing as a draught from a mountain spring. The more so as the Republic has been victimized for several years by a plague of "revisionist" historians. These unhappy scholars start from Marxian prejudices and drag their readers with them through a miasma of sins of omission and commission. Dr. Rose lists some members of the revisionist clan: Gabriel Kolko, David Horowitz, and Gar Alperovitz. There are others, who shall be nameless here. The emanations from such writers would have us believe that the White House, Congress, the State and Defense Departments were inhabited by a sorry collection of knaves and fools. The cold war was our fault, the revisionists write, and the mismanagement of our national destinies resulted in the subsequent Berlin, Suez, Congo, and Cuban-missile crises, to say nothing of the costly, bitter wars in Korea and Vietnam.

Not so, according to Dr. Rose. He offers enlightenment as to this country's policies and the motives behind them, during the crucial times which led to the cold war. He does this without grafting on to the realities of the late 1940s (Stalin and Beria were in power, remember?) the conventional wisdom and messianic compulsions of the 1960s. In his own more elegant terminology, Rose responds to "the imperative need to re-interpret our recent experience from a more comprehensive and generous perspective which recognizes the limits of human wisdom and the reality of human frailty." Deserving of the gratitude of readers who did not live as adults during the immediate postwar years, as well as of the elders whose memories require prompting, Dr. Rose has achieved his goal in some two hundred pages. This alone is an advantage over the revisionist polemicists who seem unable to confine their efforts to less than half a thousand pages.

Chronologically, as befits the historian, Dr. Rose traces the American national id from pre-1941 isolationism through the purge of war to a sense of internationalism. The euphoria of peace, in due course, gave way to doubts as to postwar intentions of the Communists—doubts shared by Churchill, Harriman, and Forrestal, and ultimately by Truman. One catalyst in this gradual change was the impact of repeated cynical betrayals of the Poles by the Russians. (The Nazis were permitted to liquidate the Warsaw Uprising while Russian divisions stood in place on the eastern shore of the shallow and placid Vistula; later, uncomplaisant Polish political leaders were treacherously arrested and executed when meeting to form a coalition government.)

SUCCESSIVE shifts from doubts to suspicions led to a posture of intermittent hostility between East and West. "The Iranian crisis of 1946 proved an irrevocable turning point. . . . Stalin's support of Azerbaijan autonomy, his ruthless pressure on Tehran . . . the Western response by ostentatious dispatch of military units to threatened areas . . . reflected a profound shift from cooperation to increasingly bitter conflict. . . ." Public-opinion polls in the U.S. in June 1946 revealed that 71 per cent disapproved of Russia's foreign policies, and 58 per cent believed

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that Soviet policy reflected a desire to dominate the world. Soviet interventions in Greece and ultimata to Turkey exacerbated tensions.

The British ambassador in Moscow, reporting on Russian reaction to the news of the atomic bomb, wrote that "as time went on and no move came from the West to share the bomb, disappointment turned into irritation, and when the bomb seemed to become an instrument of policy, into spleen." True, the U.S. did not grant a loan of $6 billion to the Kremlin for rehabilitation of war damage, but "the failure to obtain it did not threaten the existence or integrity of the Soviet state, its economy, or its military machine." On the other side, the Fuchs, Greenglass, and Nunn May atomic spying apparatus, and the surfacing of Russian espionage agents in Canada and other countries in 1945, yielded irrefutable evidence of risks to American security. Under these conditions, how could the cold war have been avoided? The generation that lived through all of this, and in varying degree shared responsibility for the creation and prolongation of the cold war, is more to be pitied than scorned. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

AGONY IN NEW HAVEN: *The Trial of Bobby Seale, Ericka Huggins, and the Black Panther Party, by Donald Freed (Simon & Schuster, 347 pp., $8.95).* "The newspapers live only in the present—like wild beasts." Dig? Ergo, Prof. Freed rushes to the rescue with his *Panther Agonistes.* Terribly impressed by that "Third World prophet and depth psychologist, Frantz Fanon," Mr. Freed is wholly, albeit a Caucasian, in the Panthers' den. Suffer along with "Bobby Seale, [who] bristles with energy—vital, tall, and lean . . . he is the risen phoenix from the ashes of Malcolm X . . . an artist of metempsychosis . . . the same age as Bartolomeo Vanzetti when he stood trial." Watch the "vulgar elegance" of Charles Garry, "the Lenin of the courtroom," confronting the pigs. Note (of the veniremen) "the striking loneliness of the middle-aged American working class. The isolation and sadness of these Great Depression survivors who live walled in by their white skin. These aging bundles of secrets at bay in the witness box." Relive history with our author as he remembers LBJ and Hubert Humphrey "smother[ing] the nonviolent civil-rights movement in Atlantic City in 1964." Commune with the Rev. William Sloane Coffin as he proclaims that it was "legally right and morally wrong to bring the Panthers to trial." Wallow in Freed's depth psychology: "The libido of the conspiracy scenario is 'oral sadistic.' Under pressure the state acts out the fantasy and stimulates it in the citizen—of an infant fixated in what Melanie Klein called the 'paranoid position.' . . . The dynamics are mindless and visceral. The atavism under the skin of the courtroom demands blood as the price of a return to the primal unity of the homogeneous body politic. Cannibalism begins. The insatiable old order now begins to eat its children." Coo along with Freed at "powerfully built and wonderfully handsome" Huey (né Free) Newton. Agonize with Yale's Kingman Brewster, who knew that a Negro revolutionary could not get a fair trial anywhere in the U.S. And don't chide President Brewster: He *was* quite right, after all: Bobby and Ericka went free and are stalking the streets right now.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

A DETECTIVE'S STORY: *George Hatherill of Scotland Yard, by George Hatherill (McGraw-Hill, 199 pp., $6.95).* "A mutilated body, a severed head or limb, or the body of someone who has been hanged or drowned, are not pleasant to look at: nor is it an agreeable task to take the fingerprints of a putrefying cadaver or attend an autopsy on the body of a child who has been raped and murdered: but after you have seen . . . such things a dozen times or more you come to accept them as being all part of the day's work." That's the ho-humish tone in which Hatherill describes the investigation of criminal cases that made up his life's work, a career he began as a beat-walking policeman and ended as commander of the Criminal Investigation Division of Scotland Yard, in charge of breaking the Great Train Robbery. There are times when you yearn for the novelist's eye, as when Hatherill, on an international case, meets Hitler, Goering, and Himmler, is given a tour of Gestapo headquarters by Heydrich, and maddeningly provides us with no details. Nevertheless, despite the deliberate understatement, this is an invaluable book for anyone interested in the who-what-when-why-how aspects of law enforcement, useful to both amateur and professional criminologists, and bulging with enough cases to keep a mystery novelist in material for years.

J. R. COYNE JR.

CAPITALISM IN CRISIS, *by A. Glyn and B. Sutcliffe (Pantheon, 286 pp., $8.95).* This is a beguiling attempt to shore up archaic Marxist dogma with some of the trappings of economic theory and statistics. A lengthy introduction, by an obscure American professor, generalizes wildly about "a new stage" of U.S. capitalism on the basis of some incredibly deceptive graphs (they cover only a few atypical years, and have no numbers at all on the vertical axes). Glyn and Sutcliffe's British version is equally devious. Their central thesis is that union wage demands and international competition (read: unrealistic fixed exchange rates) squeeze profits and destroy the incentive to invest. Socialism, of course, also needs profits to finance investment, so this seems less an indictment of capitalism than an argument for Soviet-style prohibition of effective unions. A neglected but crucial fact is that the share of after-tax employee income in Britain has fallen steadily from 60 per cent of national income in 1955-57 to 55.9 per cent in 1971. True, the profit share has fallen too, but the problem is that the state is taking an ever larger share of Britain's resources, leaving less for both labor and capital. Glyn and Sutcliffe inadvertently show that Britain's sluggish growth is the result of too much union and government power, yet their idea of a "solution" is to make those powers absolute, through total socialism. It's like prescribing cobra venom for a bad case of snake bite.

A. REYNOLDS

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND RELIGION, *by Thomas O'Brien Hanley (Consortium Press, 347 pp., $13.95).* This volume is a detailed study of the impact of the revolutionary period on the religious life and institutions of Maryland. Its theme is that the fall of the "confessional state" with the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church under the Maryland Constitution of 1776 gave rise to new and more vital religious institutions in a Christian society. This society valued toleration and conscience and hence abolished all religious tests, except that a declaration of Christian belief was required to hold office (but not to vote). The 1776 constitution marked a return to Maryland's original policy of toleration under the first Lord Baltimore, which had been ended by the establishment of the Church of England in all the colonies in 1689. Mr. Hanley carefully examines the religious life of various denominations, especially the Episcopalians, and adduces many items of interest in support of his view of a revitalized Christian society stemming from the Revolution. Of special note is the great degree of toleration shown for religious scruples against fighting in the Revolutionary War itself, ranging from those of the Quakers, who were even allowed to proselytize their pacifism, to those of Episcopalians, many of whom doubted the permissibility of resistance to the constituted authorities.

J. C. MEYER

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 923)

South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania. You must have been confusing us with those provincials in Canada.

Anyhow, best wishes to all of you in the United Provinces.

Canberra City, A.C.T. W. R. HEELER

Missed Carcass . . .

As the missed "carcass" referred to in William F. Rickenbacker's column "Lighthouses and Mosquitos" [Aug. 3], I suppose that column is an invitation to air our differences in public.

First of all, one must accept some unstated anarchist premise to believe that for neighbors to agree on a compulsory levy to finance mosquito control is equivalent to forging "shackles on free men." Aren't people free to do anything collectively?

Second, the question whether community wants are "necessities" or "luxuries" is a non sequitur. Every good or service above the level of primitive survival is a "luxury" or "convenience." Besides, *U.S. News & World Report* (July 23) tells us that "every part of the country" is plagued with mosquitos, and that they are causing an epidemic of dog heartworm as well as transmitting "at least eighty different viruses" to man.

Third, Gordon Tullock's remark about the "economy of scale which can be obtained only if the customers are located next door to each other" is obviously valid, and was not expressed as a sufficient argument for government. Indeed, the second half of his article shows why government provision of mosquito control may be inefficient.

Fourth, Mr. Tullock didn't say there was anything "wrong" with lots of people getting a "free ride" from one person's decision to pay for an aerial attack on mosquitos. What he said was that the incentives—where one can get the benefits without paying—are such as to cause less mosquito control to be purchased than people really want. Everyone passes the buck. Free lunches (Rickenbacker's "civic-minded tycoon") are hard to come by.

Fifth, Mr. Rickenbacker's remark that Mr. Tullock "*assumes* that technological innovation will never reduce the price of hand-spray to 5 cents" is wrong. In *Private Wants, Public Means* (where the article originated) Mr. Tullock says, "the specific technology *in any given time* is a highly important matter in deciding whether a given activity should be handled by the government . . ." Besides, no conceivable hand-spray would ever be as effective as community spraying or eliminating mosquito breeding grounds. Mosquitos fly.

New York, N.Y. ALAN REYNOLDS

. . . and Liberty

William F. Rickenbacker laments the "Lost Tools of Liberty" [June 22]. What he neglects to mention is that the eminent economist Milton Friedman agrees with his antagonists up to a point, in his theory of "the neighborhood effect." This arises when ". . . actions of individuals have effects on other individuals for which it is not feasible to charge or recompense them." Two examples cited by Friedman are the pollution of a stream and the provision of highways—specifically, general-access roads.

Friedman, while recognizing the inherent dangers of a too powerful government, still feels it is appropriate to use government to accomplish jointly what it is difficult or impossible for us to accomplish separately through strictly voluntary exchange.

Since Friedman is explicit in his love for the free-market system, one wonders why the disparity between him and Mr. Rickenbacker.

Brooklyn, N.Y. WILLIAM J. CURTIN

Erasmus on FAP

Re Erasmus' advice to President Nixon in the matter of Watergate ["The Week, Aug. 17], I thought you might find interesting the passage immediately following the one you quoted, in which Erasmus discusses such unconservative measures as FAP: "The prince should avoid every novel idea in so far as he is capable of doing so; for even if conditions are bettered thereby, the very innovation is a stumbling block. The establishment of a state, the unwritten laws of a city, or the old legal code are never changed without great confusion. Therefore, if there is anything of this sort that can be endured, it should not be changed but should either be tolerated or happily diverted to a better function. As a last resort, if there is some absolutely unbearable condition, the change should be made, but gradually and by a practiced hand."

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Gilder's Victimization

Re George Gilder's "On Rediscovering the Difference between Boys and Girls" [Aug. 3]: Those poor goddam boys. Put a girl into the classroom and they simply go to pieces with desire. Of course, the girls' interests will be limited to "demoralizing" the helpless creatures by practicing academic diligence. Mr. Gilder is so far off target, his ideas of "masculine" and "feminine" characteristics are so pitifully narrow as to be laughable.

Is sexual intercourse the sine qua non of all relationships between males and females? This is the ridiculous notion about which he wrings his hands, yet which he seems determined to perpetrate as a result of his own victimization by it.

Alexandria, Va. SUSAN G. SHARP

I am a recent (male) graduate of a co-educational high school of 2,500 students. Not once have I seen the least indication that "aggressive boys" are the "leading

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problem in every school." Further, the "leading problem" is in no way related to the fact that the school is coeducational. There have been no rapes, no accounts of clandestine love-making, and no panty-raids or invasions of the girls' locker room. The problems we do find in public educational institutions—quality of the educators, condition of the buildings and facilities, racial harmony—are in no way affected by male-female interaction.

I am disgusted and offended by the author's unfounded generalizations. Certainly I do not think "of the opposite sex most of the time." Usually I am concerned with more immediate problems like tonight's homework, last Friday's ballgame, and the Pythagorean Theorem. And never have I met a young man who thinks that "his sexual interest in women is his own sexual perversion." Most of us are knowledgeable enough to realize that interest in "budding adolescent girls" is not only natural, but desirable.

Youngstown, Ohio T. V. PETZINGER JR.

Mr. Gilder has a piece of the right. As an elementary-school psychologist, I share his concern that boys initially are disadvantaged in school, but can report an encouraging finding and suggest an alternative solution.

The typical five-year-old boy entering kindergarten soon learns that school is for girls. The culture traditionally rewards in preschool girls the same behavior that school rewards. Moreover, at five years, girls' neurological and carpal development enables them to meet school task expectations better than boys. Not all primary-grade teachers emasculate boys, but the trend does exist—usually under the defensible rubric of "teaching school adjustment."

For the next four years, boys learn that little girls' papers are neater, they learn to read as if by magic, and they are eager and apt to please authority figures. Girls notice that little boys get dirtier and have more fun at recess, occasionally challenge authority, think more pragmatically, and do not seem to worry about exasperating some teachers more than others.

In spite, or perhaps because, of the unequal reward system, boys' survival of their tribulations has a positive payoff. Between fourth and fifth grades, boys' self-concepts surge ahead of girls', which remain constant (as measured by the Coopersmith Self-Esteem Inventory). As a corollary, boys begin to emerge as class leaders and top students. To be sure, corrective-reading classes remain boy-heavy, but arithmetic-help classes are balanced. Group tests of school aptitude place more boys than girls at the high and low extremes. Fifth-grade girls discover that their awakening interest in boys rarely is reciprocated, and gain a headstart in building defenses to cope with culturally dictated adolescent sexual frustration. Boys get around to that necessary learning a bit later.

In my view, all is not so bad as Mr. Gilder opines. But what would happen if the boys' tribulation period were shortened? Would that hasten boys' adaptation? Let boys enter first grade at seven years of age, while girls enter at six. Let there be male and female teachers in the primary grades. Both sexes need extraparental models. Let us find out if male reading teachers succeed better with little boys, who are struggling to modify their relationships with their mothers and identify with males. The odds are favorable.

But contrary to Mr. Gilder's opinion, I do *not* believe that sexual segregation would improve adult sexual adjustment any more than sensory deprivation in infancy improves the course of emotional and intellectual maturation.

Weston, Conn. MARILYN F. DIXON

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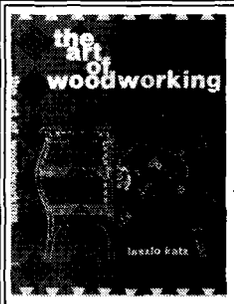

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VARNADO

(Continued from page 945)

A. Senator, I had gone there with my wife on our second honeymoon.

Q. (Shuffling papers.) Yes. OK. Now what time of the day or night was this, Mr. Quinlever?

A. You mean the date, Senator?

Q. (Annoyed.) No. I asked you what time of the day or night this was?

A. Well, as I said, Senator, I was there on a honeymoon. There was really no time of the day . . . or night.

Q. No time of day . . . or night? What are you trying to tell this Committee, Mr. Quinlever? (An aide whispers something in his ear. He nods.) All right. Let's go on. I see from your testimony that you had some luggage with you. Now on this date of November 15, how many pieces of luggage did you have with you?

A. Excuse me, Senator. Are you talking about November 15?

Q. That's what I said.

A. I didn't take any luggage at all with me, Senator.

Q. No luggage? Wasn't that a little odd, Mr. Quinlever?

A. I don't think so, Senator. I was meeting with the President. Why would I need luggage?

Q. I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Quinlever. But according to the record you testified that you had luggage with you.

A. No, no, Senator. That was my second honeymoon.

Q. Of which you don't even know the time of day? Well, then, I shouldn't expect that you would remember how much luggage you had. Are you even sure whom you took on your honeymoon, Mr. Quinlever?

A. Senator, I think we got off the track somewhere. I'm confused.

Q. Very well. But I want the records to show clearly that this witness was evasive about the subject of luggage . . .

A. But I'm not being evasive . . . I . . .

Q. I have no further questions.

Chairman: The witness is directed to step down.

A. But . . . but . . . but . . .

(The camera plays over the faces of the Committee members. They look very serious and very knowing.)

4. *Instant Analysis.* The next best thing to being at the hearings is listening to the television commentators explain it to you.

Anchor man: Well, there you have it, folks, the first three hours of testimony by Rodney Slinghauser, one of the most important witnesses to come before the Committee thus far. I think it was quite obvious that the Committee members were trying hard to break his testimony down and it was just as obvious that they couldn't do it. Mr. Slinghauser stuck persistently to his three main points: that the President planned the Watergate break-in, and that he put up money from his personal funds to finance it, and that he actually participated in the break-in disguised as a Chinese laundryman. I don't think anybody was able to find a flaw in his testimony, which clearly has the ring of truth about it. Although I think he faltered a little when questioned about his allegation that Mrs. Nixon and Tricia stood watch outside the office while the break-in was taking place. Wouldn't you say so, Carstairs?

Carstairs: (Grinning between his earphones.) No, Chesney, I wouldn't. I thought he stuck to that part of his story beautifully. The detail about Mrs. Nixon singing "Sweet Adeline" as a warning signal had the ring of truth about it. Of course, it's quite obvious that somebody has to be lying, and while I wouldn't want to take sides, it seems to me that the evidence thus far suggests that it's the President, his family, his staff, the White House servants, and most of the Republican Party.

Anchor man: Well, it does begin to look that way, Carstairs, although, as you say, we don't want to take sides—not until all the evidence is in. □

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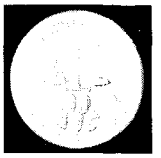

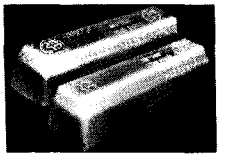

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Nixon and Goldwater

On The Right

New York, August 15—The hearings are postponed for a few blessed weeks during which the public mood is likely to crystallize. On the one hand the Committee has failed clearly to establish that President Nixon knew either about the burglary at Watergate or about the attempt to conceal the extent of the involvement in that and related operations by members of his staff. On the other hand, the spectacle has been so ugly, the quality of mind of some of Nixon's subordinates so unedifying, many have come to the conclusion that a strong purgative is needed, nothing less than the replacement of the incumbent President of the United States.

It is, I think, the supreme paradox of the situation that what keeps this from becoming a national compulsion is the excesses of Richard Nixon's critics over the years. If they had not acted with such overweening zeal, systematically magnifying the lint on Nixon's record so as to look like the virus that almost overtook Europe with the Black Plague, they would have an easier time of it now. Every time I see a reference (they are quite frequent nowadays) to poor old Alger Hiss, and how he was framed, I say to myself: Nixon is safe. There are enough Americans around who know intuitively that jettisoning Nixon means, when all is said and done, rehabilitating Hiss. And into this kind of moral and epistemological anarchy, they decline to be seduced.

THE PARADOX is deeply rooted. If Nixon were, let us say, Dwight Eisenhower, the Republic might have concluded by this time that Eisenhower was simply incapable of coping with political duties of such vexing size and shape and that therefore, most regretfully, he would need to be deposed. Or, if he had been a figure universally admired, who was suddenly discovered to be craven and venal—then the public mood against him would have consolidated.

In the case of Richard Nixon none of the categories applies, and accordingly he is, at least temporarily, safe. My own judgment is that barring the unexpected appearance on the scene of the archangel Gabriel, waiving divine privilege for the purpose of documenting Richard Nixon's guilt, Nixon is safe: barring one conceivable defection.

Late in 1966 Richard Nixon (speaking to a friend) said that if he were to withdraw from the presidential race and use all his energies and power to get Nelson Rockefeller nominated, he would fail. "There's only one man in America who can get it for Rockefeller," he said. "That's Barry Goldwater."

HE SAID this in part for the obvious reason—that Goldwater was the aggrieved party in 1964, suffering directly from the refusal of Rockefeller to support him for President after he was nominated. But also because Nixon sensed the loyalty Goldwater commands among the hard core of the Republican Party, those who dominate the nominating conventions and are the cadre of the party.

Nixon depends very heavily during these hours on that body of people and only Goldwater could move them. If he were to say tomorrow that in his opinion the best interests of the Republic will require the resignation of the President, there would follow something like the Eagleton stampede. The next morning would be (say) the *Chicago Tribune* calling for resignation, then the *Los Angeles Times*, then another senator . . . within a fortnight the call for resignation would prove very nearly irresistible.

It is for this reason that one studies carefully Goldwater's pronouncements on the matter. He moves with his characteristic integrity and candor, and contempt for demagogy. In his opinion, as given in a CBS interview recently with Dan Rather, Nixon should neither resign nor be impeached. He is by no means uncritical—he thinks Nixon should release the tapes, he thinks Nixon should revise his relations with Congress, he thinks Nixon should recapture the leadership of Western affairs—but he doesn't think he should step down. My judgment of it is that Goldwater's is, for the moment, the deciding voice. □

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

New York, August 9—It is important to remember about the English that they are the most charming people in the world precisely because they are a) wonderfully adventurous, b) superbly humorous, and c) absolutely the world's top confidence men. G. K. Chesterton wrote that the upper class in England were tolerable precisely because, when all is said and done, they don't really take themselves seriously. The best indication of GK's point is the glorious profiteering done by august, not to say egregious, representatives of the class.

I give you His Grace, the Duke of Leinster. I have a communication from His Grace, and so, probably, do you. How do I know it's from him? Blazoned across the top of the page is: *"From His Grace the Duke of Leinster."* This is in case the majesty of the provenance of this form letter should miss you. It is signed "Leinster," which is the approved way for Their Graces to announce themselves. No one in America has ever gone in for that kind of thing except (curiously) William Faulkner, who went through a period of signing himself "Faulkner."

Anyway, His Grace is inviting us to buy a piece of his property. Listen to the pitch. "Anderita is the site of some of the most momentous events in English history. The Romans were here, the Saxons fought here, and it was at Anderita that William the Conqueror landed to conquer a turbulent land and establish a line of monarchy that runs through 29 generations to the reign of our present Queen Elizabeth the Second." His Grace is giving us a chance to buy into that land. You can buy 25 square feet for $675. That comes to $1,176,120 per acre. But hurry! "We are inviting participation," warns His Grace in those confidential accents made famous by IBM lithograph, "only from those families who are sufficiently aware of their heritage to want to buy part of it." Well, there are those of us who are sufficiently aware of our heritage to recall that we got our acreage from England at something

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less than a million bucks per acre.

My irrepressible friend Sir Arnold Lunn, an octogenarian, writes me to remark that the recent sex scandals have presented the English with a grave dilemma. You see, he says, it is progressive "1) to approve of fornication, adultery, and homosexuality; and 2) to disapprove of aristocracy and aristocrats. So what is the correct avant-garde line when a Lord commits adultery with a call girl?

"I see," writes Sir Arnold, "no nice avant-garde solution so far as Lord Jellicoe is concerned but as all convinced Progressives are enthusiastic egalitarians the difficulty of combining 1) and 2) might be resolved in the case of Lord Lambton, for he habitually went to bed with *two* call girls, which few could afford. Egalitarianism demands One Man, One Call Girl."

Sir Arnold Lunn, author and essayist who in his twenties invented the device in skiing known as the "slalom" and, incredibly, escaped the penalties of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Sportsmen, rejoices in the natural republicanism of Americans. "P.S."—he writes. "Could you tell me whether it is improper to address an American on an envelope as A. B. Smith, Esquire, rather than simply as Mr. A. B. Smith? A newly appointed American concierge at a hotel in Switzerland thought that Esquire was a family name and assumed it must be a very large family, to judge by the number of letters addressed to different members of the Esquire clan. All such letters were filed under 'E.' It was only when his 'E' partition was overflowing that he asked the manager when all these different members of the Esquire clan were arriving."

AND—then—there is the English zoologist, who has just now written to a correspondent in California to say that—he desires to emigrate to California. He isn't protesting the monarchy, or the likes of Leinster, or even the Labor Party. He just likes America, and finds that California is, well, 110 per cent American. "There is a British commercial which shows a character in various stimulating situations who remarks, 'I'm only here for the beer.' What strikes me about California is that it is at grips with the cardinal problems of our time—reconciling technology with conservation, freedom with planning, revolution with stability and liberty, and, in particular, thinking with feeling.

"Emigration takes time," says the British scientist, "and I have yet to persuade you that I am a desirable or acceptable fly to have on your wall. I hope to do this, but if not, the exposure I have had to California already has given me a kind of intellectual tan for which I'm duly grateful. All traffic is two-way even when it is unequal. I was raised on an English classical education. As with the marriage Isadora Duncan proposed to Bernard Shaw, it will be interesting to see whose brains and whose beauty the progeny exhibit. Meanwhile I am packing my bags in hope." I welcome him as a compatriot, even as I would open my arms to Arnold Lunn, and even to that old commercial rake His Humbug the Duke of Leinster, who could help with our balance of payments. □

MIDSUMMER NOTES

Los Angeles, August 2—The plane was late taking off from Mexico City, so the latest edition of the paper was on board. The headline stretching across eight columns read: "LOS ANGELES BOUND JET CRASHES ALL KILLED." It occurred to me on reading it that I was at that moment on a Los Angeles-bound jet and thus far unkilled, though I suffered from a Mexican stomach (Lomotil, two immediately, then one every four hours). The crash, it transpired, was off Tahiti, and when a few hours later the captain intoned over the loudspeaker that there would be no delay in landing in Los Angeles, my son, mimicking the voice from the cockpit, added "because of diminished traffic coming in from Tahiti." I reminded him that the tragedies aside, plane travel still gets safer and safer every year, and he said yeah, so do the moon shots.

It had been a long day, beginning with the stomach seizure at 3 A.M. at Guadalajara, whose Autonomous University is a great venture in non-radical education, where they occasionally mount guards with machine guns at the gates to discourage marauding bands from the neighborhood university and, while they are at it, to regulate the length of the students' hair, which is Regulation 1950s. The occasion was a convention of journalists and educators to ruminate on the theme of "educative journalism." I began my lecture with a jocular reference to my father's having been exiled from Mexico in the early 1920s for having "involved" himself in Mexican affairs. Accordingly, I had been raised in the tradition of non-involvement. But I said, ho ho, non-involvement can be overdone. For instance, there was the professor in Czechoslovakia last summer who said that Czechoslovakia is the most non-involved country in the world: "We don't even involve ourselves in Czechoslovakian affairs." I broke up. Unfortunately, nobody else did. The rumor went about that I was sicker than I really looked. I asked my son how did I sound on the simultaneous translation earphones they were mostly wearing. "Like Donald Duck," he said. I comforted myself by recalling that someone said that Walt Disney has been the best instrument of inter-American understanding in this century.

WE RUSHED to catch the plane, Guadalajara to Mexico City, so as to catch the plane from Mexico City to Los Angeles. At the airport I focused on the geography, and realized that it was like rushing to catch a plane from Washington to Boston so as to catch the plane from Boston to Miami. Nobody had told me you could fly from Guadalajara to Los Angeles. The plane was late. Why—*why?*—don't they give you the reason? More and more the American airlines do. But I do not think it has ever occurred to Aereo Mexicana to do so—though it would be more appropriate in their case to apologize for punctuality, than for lateness. I was in one of those moods, so I actually asked the ticket clerk why was the plane late? I know now the expression on the Beadle's face when Oliver Twist approached him and asked for more. Stupefaction, graduating to hostility, graduating to a resolve to seek revenge. I tried giving him a helpful hint, a sort of verbal multiple-choice, check one. Had they run out of gas? Was the plane hijacked? Had the pilot forgotten to put his watch on Daylight Saving Time? The clerk retaliated by painstakingly scrutinizing my ticket, as though it might somehow betray my imposture, or contain in the fine print something about the plane's being late.

Mexico is flourishing. It is a melancholy commentary that this seems to be the case wherever there is political stability. Melancholy because wherever there is political stability in Latin America there is usually a one-party state. Mexico is wonderfully skilled at giving the illusion of democracy. The cynics call it "*la democracia dirigida*," a programed democracy. But every five years they conduct elections as though they were the real thing, and the opposition is permitted not the handful of votes they go in for behind the Iron Curtain, but 10 or 11 per cent, and the press makes it sound like a hairbreadth victory. It is a fascinating country, and I shall continue to visit it often, and I promise never to involve myself in its domestic affairs. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Nonsense
146 33 149 181 117 153 80 189 13

B. A black mineral consisting partly of iron
32 154 17 199 7 212 49 166 65

C. Where one of the service academies is located
1 215 218 127 73 18 29 97 50

D. A resonant or repetitive recital or chant
140 100 190 106 81 202

E. What an airtight infield would be
59 6 11 55 34 79 95 115 123 162

F. The troops moving at the head of an army
196 134 98 179 186 204 132 182

G. An inspired person
206 122 135 125 157 164 219 5 12 113

H. An interjection used to attract attention
8 137 156 74 167 171

I. Within the three-mile limit
15 26 31 45 58 85 89 93

J. What the man without a country was, among other things
109 138 191 169 111 173 35 67 159

K. American actress (1860-1916)
128 99 88 112 133

L. What Betsy Ross' program had
84 20 209 25 62 130 38 52 224 200

M. Women and children are first when this is manned
158 77 118 90 222 183 139 101

N. Membership
178 14 56 75 119 136 141 147 197 223 69

O. For a time the address of the temporary White House
121 53 57 70 92 2 195 10 86 22

P. Mountains in France
180 174 205 91 48 37 116 103

Q. Not in or at any place
207 40 43 168 151 54 161

R. Government's first priority
216 192 176 210 142 83 214

S. Poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes
30 16 39 42 110 51 4 66 68 129 72 150

T. Not in better physical shape
131 21 24 36 44 76 87 102 114 126 172

U. To show up again
160 213 61 78 47 220 94 41

V. What God is when speaking of Liberty
3 163 143 203 194 104

W. Short title for a symphony by Dvorak
9 165 19 107 198 175 177 221

X. A long-tailed American singing bird
23 144 184 46 96 225 217 187

Y. The last of October
71 63 28 201 185 152 145 208 170

Z. Pitching partner of Lefty Grove
82 120 211 64 105 148 188 155

a. Only a minority attains this rank in the Army
193 27 60 108 124

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 960 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 C	2 O		3 V	4 S		5 G	6 E	7 B	8 H		9 W	10 Q	11 E	12 G	13 A	
14 N	15 I	16 S	17 B	18 C	19 W	20 L	21 T	22 O		23 X	24 T	25 L		26 I	27 a	28 Y	29 C		30 S
31 I		32 B	33 A	34 E	35 J	36 T	37 P	38 L	39 S	40 Q	41 U		42 S		43 Q	44 T	45 I		46 X
	47 U	48 P	49 B	50 C	51 S	52 L	53 O	54 Q		55 E	56 N		57 O	58 I	59 E		60 a	61 U	62 L
63 Y	64 Z	65 B	66 S	67 J		68 S	69 N		70 O	71 Y	72 S		73 C	74 H	75 N	76 T	77 M	78 U	79 E
80 A	81 D	82 Z	83 R		84 L	85 I	86 O		87 T	88 K	89 I	90 M	91 P		92 O	93 I	94 U	95 E	96 X
	97 C		98 F	99 K	100D	101M	102T	103P	104V		105Z	106D	107W		108a	109J	110S		111J
112K	113G	114T	115E	116P	117A		118M	119N	120Z	121O		122G	123E	124a		125G	126T	127C	128K
129S		130L	131T	132F		133K	134F	135G	136N	137H	138J	139M	140D		141N	142R	143V	144X	145Y
146A		147N	148Z	149A	150S	151Q		152Y	153A	154B		155Z	156H	157G	158M	159J		160U	161Q
162E	163V	164G	165W		166B	167H		168Q	169J	170Y	171H	172T		173J	174P	175W		176R	177W
178N	179F		180P	181A	182F	183M	184X		185Y	186F	187X		188Z	189A	190D	191J	192R	193a	
194V	195O	196F	197N	198W	199B	200L	201Y	202D		203V	204F	205P	206G		207Q	208Y	209L	210R	211Z
	212B	213U	214R	215C		216R	217X	218C	219G	220U	221W		222M	223N	224L	225X			

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You don't have to be a millionaire to live better than ever during a depression. You don't have to be a financial wizard to profit enormously from it! Thousands of men did it during the thirties. For many of them it was an era of golden opportunity. It can be for you too.

Right now, many economists are utterly convinced the depression is coming, soon, and the economic indexes support that contention right down the line!

THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING!

Certainly, the market is anything but sound and the European markets are in substantially worse shape.

We have been forced to devalue the dollar **twice** and these are only stop-gap measures! We still have a dangerously unfavorable balance of trade; we owe 80 billions in gold, but our monetary gold reserves total less than 15 billion!

We can't compete with the Japanese or Europeans right here at home in our own market-place, let alone overseas, not only because our labor costs are too high, but because our machine tools are obsolete and our manufacturing techniques are out-moded. (Our heavy industry remains virtually unchanged since before World War II, but the German and Japanese tools and techniques are **post** World War II and thus vastly more efficient).

Inflation is worse than ever and unemployment remains a serious problem . . . over 5% nationally and above 10% in some areas.

18,000,000 Americans are on welfare, over 4,000,000 are unemployed and 25,000,000 are living under poverty conditions!

In most urban areas, prime office space is vacant . . . in New York and other big cities, landlords are abandoning once lucrative properties. In the world of high finance, where the goal was diversification and the watch-word was acquisition, the cry is now **divestiture!** Pare down! Get ready!

Look at our cities! Municipal governments virtually bankrupt! A shortage of housing, an overabundance of people, a racial problem growing worse instead of better! Air and water polluted. Education deteriorating, drug usage and violent crime on the rise, Police, firemen, street cleaners and other civil servants demanding higher and higher wages, and no end in sight!

And it's the same story all over the world!

In the once prosperous Ruhr Valley, the blast furnaces are growing cold, the steel mills are shutting down, and heavy industries are grinding to a standstill. Unemployment in Germany, the most prosperous nation in Europe, is increasing rapidly and it's the same in Britain, Italy, France, the Scandinavian Countries and, in fact, throughout the world!

The economy is shakier now than at any time since World War II, it is getting shakier by the minute, and not only is an imminent depression a certainty in the minds of many economists, but in many areas of the nation and the world it has already arrived!

The question is no longer, "Is it going to happen?" The question is, "What are you going to do to prepare yourself, to keep your holdings intact, and even make money from the opportunities that invariably present themselves?"

You don't have to be a millionaire to turn the depression to your advantage! In every depression, there have always been men who made money while others were going broke. There have always been businesses that flourished while others were going under. There have always been stocks that were going up while most were going down.

And there have always been men living securely and well while others were scuffling merely to stay alive!

There are techniques to use, there are methods that work! You don't buck the tide, you swim with it. You don't fight the depression. You join it! And you do it with knowledge. With know-how. By knowing what to do and how and when to do it!

The techniques do exist! They are available, and you can learn them! Now you can get all the facts, all the figures, all the expert advice and information you must have, to know not merely how to survive during the coming depression, but how to make money from it! This specific, how-to instruction and advice is contained in a brand-new volume called

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In this brilliant manual, you learn everything that could be of interest and of value to you during a depression!

You learn which type of businesses flourish during a depression, and which types go under, and why!

You learn which stocks rose during the 1st great depression, which ones declined, which ones are likely to react during this coming depression, and how.

You read actual case-histories of men who made fortunes during the last depression . . . and of a few who lost them!

You learn how to take advantage of the incredible real estate values that invariably present themselves during a depression, and how to avail yourself of those opportunities even if you have virtually no capital to work with!

You get practical, specific, "how-to" advice on every aspect of handling your current affairs. Experts advise you on what to do about the real estate you now own, including the house you live in . . . what to do about your current job if your current situation is less than perfect . . . how to handle your personal and your business banking and much more of extreme value relative to banking.

You learn about incredible investment opportunities you can take advantage of with virtually no capital.

You learn time-tested techniques for building capital during depressed times and you get a wealth of other practical, usable information that ranges from some very interesting advice on short sales, warrants, puts & calls and commodities, to a cool, detached view of the market in general.

This is a thorough compendium of useful information and advice you need, not only for survival, but for money-saving, money-making investments. A wealth of specific information and advice that can help save—and make—a fortune for you in the difficult years that lie ahead!

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